The Centre Reporter.

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"Man wants little here below." Isn't he satisfied with the bathing costumes?

Bumpkins—"Are you fond of fishing Dick?"

Dick—"No, I never drink."

Much as being ridden on a rail is despised, the travel on the railroads shows no diminution.

There is one inconvenience to the rank prairie grass upon our streets. Base balls are so hard to find in it.

The Carnegies four years ago gave $100,000 to the Harrison campaign fund—for "protection" purposes, of course.

The relation between having "plenty of rocks" and "feeling rocky" is especially noticeable in the morning. It is not a matter of brains but the latter is usually ahead.

The Harrison National Committee has at last found a chairman, from away up in Montana, in the person of Honorable Thomas H. Carter, now Harrison's land commissioner. A round dozen had refused—it isn't pleasant to have an icicle in your hand all summer.

If two-thirds of the many millions of money which now count up on the side of the Carnegies and other iron kings, had gone to the poorly remunerated farmers, it would have gone in a right direction, and a direction too which was promised under high tariff.

But the farmer and the working class, both find themselves left out in the cold, and better prices didn't come around to them.

Senator Quay in response to his bluff to bet $10,000 on Harrison's reelection has been put to the inconvenience and embarrassing position of withdrawing his offer by several impertinent and inhuman persons who were anxious to accept it. How long will it be until a public man's feelings are regarded and his words cease to be swallowed as if he meant verything he said?

The Christian Endeavor Convention recently held in the Madison Square Garden, New York City, was one of the largest, if not entirely the largest, religious body ever brought together at one time. There were thirty thousand people in attendance. The society is one of the strongest organizations in the realm of religious work and the noblest and most noteworthy results have been attained by it.

The latest strike at Homestead was on Friday morning last. General Snowden boarded at the Carnegie hotel. On that morning the cook declared he'd get no more meals for the general and the waiters said they would not wait on him. The general went to the 4th regiment camp for his breakfast, using some choice expressions before he left the hotel. By choice expressions we judge, he said something that had a little Dutch, a little French, and a little Latin in it.

In this case "union men" refused to give a Union General his grub.

The *Western Brewer* cites a case of the most aggravated form of temperance mania we have yet been apprised of. She—for Lord knows it is a woman—refuses to use brewers' yeast, though neknowledging its superiority, drowned her *Maltese* cat, and always asks penance for the inadvertent use of such expressions as "trouble brewing."

We do not speak by authority, though the assumption is hardly uncalled for, when we say that if her husband's physiognomy is mantled with whiskers he had better take them off and avoid domestic difficulties.

The perplexing problem that has given Mr. Harrison and his contingency so much trouble has finally been solved. The chairmanship has been filled in the person of Thomas H. Carter, of Montana. It is a new phase in politics for such a distinguished honor to go begging and there can be but one solution for it namely that it is, under existing conditions and prognostications, not desirable.

Mr. Carter has occupied a subordinate position under the present administration and is conspicuously obscure as compared with the blooming meteors of the Republican firmament who have previously held the post.

Never having occupied an executive position it is unfair to assume that he is not competent and sufficiently warped in conscience to allow him keeping the ball rolling as before. His inexperience and unfamiliarity with New York politics was the greatest hindrance to his selection and will prove the weakest spot in his abilities as a national chairman.

Pinkerton Anarchism.

There never was a quarrel without contending parties and rarely one in which both were not greatly to blame.

The Homestead trouble is an apt illustration of the fact. However, whatever may be said in condemnation of what the strikers have done, the course they have pursued, the discretion used, it is yet to be asserted that they were mercenary or premeditatively bloodthirsty. Whether just or unjust, they are battling for a cause that has at least the semblance of right.

But, on the other hand, as a means of maintaining their rights the most barbarous, inhuman, and uncivilized tactics were resorted to by the employers.

Instead of seeking local and governmental protection, as directed by law, a band of professional murderers, called Pinkertons, who scoff at decency and the very principles of our government, were clandestinely hired to strike down in cold blood those who might be riotous.

They failed, as they deserved. Right triumphed.

The employment of Pinkertons by the Carnegie company was nothing less than a menace to civilization and an affront to its noble ideas and the spirit of a free country.

It was just as anarchial in spirit as the Haymarket riot in Chicago a few years ago.

Away back in the middle ages under the regime of the feudal system every landed proprietor depended for his protection upon his own standing army. It was his private concern. But we are no longer in the bloody darkness of mediaeval times. Murder is no longer a matter simply of personal and individual concern.

The employed no longer grope in heathen darkness. They are men of intelligence and demand a voice in their own affairs. Autocracy is dead.

It is therefore no wonder that labor societies in certain quarters are fortifying themselves against the methods of Pinkertons by drilling in military tactics. For if such methods are to receive sanction and are not made unlawful by prohibitory statute, the time will not be long coming when the dignity of the government will be a roaring farce, private warfare the order of the day and murder recognized as a fine art.

Down with the Pinkertons.

The Summer Girl.

A mouse will frighten a room full of girls and throw some of them into convulsions, but there are those who believe that the summer girl has the requisite courage to remain in a room alone with a mouse if the temptation to remain were a saucer of ice cream, the pleasure of partaking of which she would have to forego if she left the room. The fact that there have been so many wholesale ice cream poisonings has no terrors for her. She reads the appalling accounts with as much nonchalance as she would an account of any ordinary event, and to show her indifference to small matters of that kind, it is only necessay to invite her to accompany you to the nearest ice cream saloon, and note the joyful eagerness with which the invitation will be accepted. Well, what are you going to do about it? The love for the frigid delicacy is inborn, natural, and therefore ineradicable. Let the summer girl alone. She may have her faults, as all of us have; but pray, what would we do without her?

Seasonable Suggestions.

Now is the time to give the victuallers a needed respite by a general reduction in the amount of meat consumption. Vegetables are plentiful and cheaper and more wholesome than meat; fruits are becoming more abundant, and they are not only healthful, but in a large degree nutritious as well. Those who eat less meat during such intensely hot weather as that which prevails during the months of July and August, are the ones who feel and sleep best, as also those who drink as little ice water as possible. If you will drink it, take it in moderate draughts. There is a constant temptation in hot weather to drink freely of ice water. It tastes good, very good, and it requires a considerable amount of moral courage to abstain from gulping down a large gobletful of it at once instead of consuming five or ten minutes in the operation. Water of a higher temperature will much more effectually quench thirst, and those who care to note the effects of a copious drink of ice water will find that in a minute or two thereafter the cooling effect is annulled and an uncomfortable sensation of warmth follows.

——Lewins' stock of spring and summer clothing is unequaled in the county. He has a larger stock than ever to select from and of latest styles and cuts The prices never were as low.

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WHY IS THERE OVERPORDUCTION?

Mr. Frick, Superintendent of the Carnegie works at Homestead, testified before the Congressional Committee that the reduction of wages was justified by the reduced prices their products command in the market. When asked whether the tariff had produced such results he answered that it had not, but thot the reduction in prices was the result of overporduction and competition.

The fact says the Philad. *Times*, that there is overproduction and excessive competition in the steel industry of the county is not disputed, but not only wise steel producers but all considerate citizens of the country will logically invuire what has caused overproduction; and the answer to the inquiry must be obvious to all, as it goes to the very marrow of our industrial policy as declared by Congress. Mr. Frick very wisely avoids the issue and seeks to obscure rather than to elucidate it.

There is just on plain reason for the overproduction of steel in this country. Congress was prevailed upon by the importunities of manufacturers, and by their enormous contributions to political campaigns, to maintain excessive tariff taxes on all kinds of imported steel. Under this unwise policy Mr. Carnegie has been made many times a millionaire. He can give a million to a library in Pittsburg in a year and not exhaust his annual income. Another year he can give a million to endow a musical academy in New York and have abundance of his annual income to live on. Another year he can purchase a baronial castle in Scotland to enjoy his summer seasons in the princely style of the English nobility, and yet not exhaust the annual profits of his steel establishment. In addition to these he can add plant after plant; spend millions annually to improve them and yet be steadily increasing his private fortune. This object lesson appealed to the ambition of business men and has brought millions of capital into the steel industry that was not needed to supply the demand for it. It was the excessive profits that quickly made millionaires among the steel producers that has caused overproduction and excessive competition in the markets of the country.

ANOTHER OBJECT LESSON.

The McKinley act, which went into operation October 6, 1890, has been followed by a remarkable depression in railroad construction, although the promise of that bill was that it would bring general prosperity by stimulating all our industries wages and enlarging business generally. We all know what it has done as to wages. There is an object lesson in that respect at the Carnegie works. The statistics of the *Railroad Gazette*, as to railroad construction the first half of 1892 show a greater decline than in any one of the past five years. There is no indication the work will pick up the last half of the year. "On the contrary," the *Railroad Gazette* says, "the indications are decidedly against any improvement. There is wonderfully little new work projected or under contract." The total for the year will be about 3,000 miles on the basis of the first six months' work. In this connection it is worth noting that in 1885, the first year of Mr. Cleveland's administration, the construction was 2,-983 miles. In 1886 it was 8,037 miles; in 1887 it was 12,879 miles; in 1888 it was 6,925 miles.

The difference in construction between 1892 and 1887, it is the estimate of the *Railroad Gazette*, means 1,000,-000 tons less of rails, and 1,500,000 tons less of iron this year for joints, bolts and spikes than in 1887, the third year of Cleveland's administration. This accounts for falling wages and idle workmen.

The secret of all this of course diminished transportation. The grain movement has been large, but the return movement of goods from Europe has been crippled by the McKinley bill and the balance has been wiped out by the return of American securities, as the gold shipments from this country have largely increased. Governor McKinley said the object of his bill was "to check imports"—that is, to check commerce. It has succeeded.

At Work on the Railroad.

General contractor Higbee was in Sugar Valley, Clinton county last Friday on business connected with the new railroad. He stated that a force of men would soon commence grading in the gap leading from Washington furnace to Sugar Valley.

No Principal Yet.

A meeting of the School Board was held Tuesday night but no selection was made for the principalship of our schools for the coming term.

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Well Directed Charity.

One of the best attributes of charitably disposed persons is the power of rightful discrimination. There is an endless amount of alms given and contributions made towards objects of every conceivable nature—but it is a sad and lamentable fact that a large percentage of it is too often wasted on impostors and on other objects utterly undeserving.

The work and aims of the Country Weak Association has everything to commend it. It is a noble work and those who have the matter in hand deserve the unqualified and unstinted gratitude of every lover of his fellow man. And we speak by authority when we say that the association is scrupulously careful in its discrimination of applicants, and that every cent is made count.

Its work is principally that of sending children of poor parents to the country for a breath of pure air and a glimpse of nature's beauty, and a relief from the distress of ill ventilated tenement houses and the almost unbearable heat of the crowded cities.

People in the country, for the most part, are not aware of the blessings they and their children enjoy; nor are they mindful of the distressing condition of the poorer classes, who cannot afford the luxuries of the seaside, at this season of the year. How our green fields, pure air, mountain scenery and the unbounded opportunities for an unrestrained nature are coveted by those who are not permitted to enjoy them can scarcely be exaggerated.

It costs us nothing, and it is a blessed and fruitful heritage, the glories of which we seldom fully appreciate.

Unfortunately the contributions have always been incommensurate with the impulses of the association, so that every year deserving applicants are of necessity denied the opportunity to get out of the cities. Penns Valley affords exceptional attractions for city children and there can be no doubt that there are plenty of families who would be doubly repaid for the trouble and inconsiderable extra expense such children would incur, by the unalloyed happiness of the youngsters in their first glimpse of country sights and breath of country air. By furnishing the scenes and accommodations the country people of course are doing all that could be expected of them. The city people should furnish the means for their transportation.

The summer is already half spent and as the hottest season is likely to occur within the next six weeks we should like to see every train from the East bring its quota of city children.

There can be no more deserving benevolence and it is such well directed charity that must redound to a nation's betterment and contribute to the rearing of a more vigorous generation of men and women for the battle of life.

Charity begins at home and if we are without it we are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

Suicide at Huntingdon.

Dr. J. K. Livingstone, aged forty-six years, a prominent physician of Entriken, while despondent through continued illness, shot himself through the right temple on Monday evening and died instantly. He was well off financially. Just before he committed the deed he fondled his children affectionately, and kissing his wife said he would go up stairs and take a long sleep. His wife is crazed with grief.

Richmond Curtis, traveling under the assumed name of George Conners, an ex-reformatory convict, committed suicide by hanging in the jail at Huntingdon on Monday night. He was lodged in prison on the charge of horse stealing in Williamsport.

Marriage Licenses Granted.

Following is a list of marriage licenses granted during the past week.

Harry Daughenbaugh of Port Matilda, and Alice Price.

Geo. H. Hazel, Axeman, and Verdilla Slotman, of Pleasant Gap.

Linn Kerstetter, of Millheim, and Mary A. Raymond, of Poe Mills.

Adam Neese, of Spring Mills, and Blance L. Korman.

Frank S. Graw, of Philadelphia, and Laura F. Peters, Bellefonte.

Chas. C. Smull, of Rebersburg, and Ellie B. Breon.

Chas. W. Royer, of Millheim, and Hannah Gertrude Musser.

Will Preach on Sunday.

William J. Wagner, one of our Theological students at Gettysburg Seminary, will preach at Georges Valley Lutheran church next Sunday at 10 a. m., and at Farmers Mills at 2.30 p. m.

W. E. FISCHER.

Fragrant Tri-Phosa.

Unequaled for all cleansing purposes. Laundry, Bath or Household. Wolf & Crawford have it.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 18, 1892.

Mr. Harrison is finding out that the candidate who attempts to run his campaign according to his own will, without regard to the opinion of all the men who have been regarded as party leaders, and to make every one else connected with the campaign but humble agents to carry out his orders without asking questions or making suggestions is a big contract. The brainey men who go into politics will not consent to become any man's lackeys. That is why Mr. Harrison had so much trouble in getting a chairman for the republican national committee, and finally had to take Carter, who was almost entirely unknown outside of Montana previous to the Minneapolis conventin, and was probably willing to accept Mr. Harrison's conditions.

A goodly crowd of democratic Senators and Representatives will go over to New York to be present at the big demonstration which is to accompany the formal notifying of Cleveland and Stevenson of their nomination.

Col. Oates, chairman of the House committee which went to Homestead to investigate the labor trouble at the Carnegie works, says the committee will make a report the latter part of this week of their visit to Homestead. It is not positively known what the nature of that report will be, but it is believed that the committee will take the ground that the strike of Carnegie's men is not a matter for Congressional interference, and that it will ask for authority to continue the investigation of the Pinkerton detective system during the recess.

The report of the Pension Office investigation, recommending Raum's dismissal, will be taken up in the House this week, and if a quorum of democrats can be kept on the floor it will be approved by the House.

Those who saw the purchase of a site for a new Government Printing Office postponed by the Fifty-first Congress through the machinations of that very expert lobbyist, ex-Senator Mahone, of Virginia, because the committee on the selection of a site would not approve a piece of ground owned by him, and entirely unsuited for the purpose, were somewhat surprised to see the same tactics succeed in accomplishing another postponement for the same reason; and still more surprised to see such prominent democratic Senators as Vest, of Missouri, Butler of South Carolina, and Blackburn, of Kentucky acting in Mahone's interest and getting the credit of having their votes controlled by him. Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, has been from the first one of Mahone's most active agents on the floor of the Senate, but that surprised no body, as he is generally credited with keeping his seat in the Senate for no other purpose than to look after legislation affecting interests principally Washington real estate—in which he has money invested.

Public opinion has upset one of the corrupt bargains by which John C. New, secured the nomination of Mr. Harrison at Minneapolis of the negro, William D. Crum, to be Postmaster, at Charleston, South Carolina, which practically admitted to the Senate post office committee was given him as the price of his vote for the nomination of Mr. Harrison, has been withdrawn, because republican members of that committee told Mr. Harrison that after Crum's statement and those of other and more reputable witnesses they would not vote for his confirmation. The South Carolina delegation in Congress did good work in bringing out the facts in this disgraceful barter and sale of such an important Federal office; and not a few republican Senators were glad of the exposure, although they did not care to make it themselves.

Representative Baily, of Texas, has been looking up precedents concerning the drawing of salary for the time they are absent by members of Congress. He says that previous to the war the law providing for a deducation of pay when members were absent from any other cause than sickness was strictly enforced, and he does not understand why it should constantly be violated now. He says one member of the present House has drawn $7.000 in salary and been present just three days, and he thinks that too high a rate of pay for any Congressman.

Only three appropriation bills now remain to be finally acted upon, and unless the numerous and costly Senate amendments to the sundry civil bill shall bring about a dead lock, Congress will adjourn within two weeks. If this bill were disposed of it might easily adjourn this week.

Senator Harris, of Tennessee, usually the mildest of men, lost his temper Saturday and called Senator Sanders of Montana, a blank scoundrel, because of an obstructive amendment the latter offered to a local bill which was in charge of the former. Later there was an apology and the bad language will not appear in the record.

A republican Senator who went to see Mr. Harrison in the interest of one of his constituents who he thinks ought to have that vacancy on the Supreme Court, told a friend that he was satisfied that it was Mr. Harrison's intention to keep the place open until after the election and then to give it to Attorney-General Miller.

Our Life on the Half-shell.

Man at the best though the "crown of creation," is a wofully erratic being and all human life in its perplexity is filled with absurdities and inconsistencies. Robbed of the privilege of finding fault and the exercising of our judgment to our own detriment our terrestrial pilgrimage would be without its essential characteristics. We disregard or perfunctorily regard prerogatives that rightly fit our circumstances, and aspire to heights hopelessly removed from the pale of possibility. We speak pessimistically, ah even bitterly, of the evanescense of earthly glory, but find solace for temporary despondency in the whispers of vain flattery.

We enjoy the sweets of life until we despise the staff of life, cultivate a champagne thirst on a beer income, split into sects without knowing the reason and build churches to the verge of financial impoverishment, imagine our best friends have designs on us and then blame heaven for the tangled ends and sit and grieve and wonder. Our public men whose fortunes vary from a hundred dollars to zero and from zero to nothing, contribute for our edification and amelioration excellently written works on success in life; extensive manufacturers propose solutions for industrial troubles while their own employes are on a "strike;" the so-called temperate tell us not to be "moderate" in drink but total abstainers; the deceitful portray in colors that nearly blind us the dishonor and sin of falsehood.

We boast of our independence of thought and suffrage prerogatives but vote as our ancestors did and for the same reasons. We deplore the literary imbecility of our children but provide no libraries; we go to church and sleep and blame the preacher for dryness.

We say cultured society is "corrupt" while our daughters "spoon" away the purity and sweetness of their souls. Oh that man could rise to levels of greater grandeur!

But why be more specific and elaborate on this mooted and thread-bare theme. The leopard cannot change his spots and man might just as well try to travel on the beauty of his physiognomy or fish without whiskey as to try to hurry on evolution and grapple destiny by the throat and choke it to his own satisfaction.

God made us so, so let us live.

——The celebrated Steelton Flour at Wolf & Crawford's for $1.35 and $1.50 per sack.

——At Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte, all the latest styles in foot wear are kept in stock and at prices lower than elsewhere.

——The bargain counter at Wolf & Crawford's you can't afford to neglect. Fifty cents there brings a gold dollar's worth.

——If you want a light spring and summer overcoat, the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte, can satisfy your wants in a most satisfactory manner to you, both in price and quality.

——Mr. Charles Stork Wolf, a senior in Pennsylvania College, and a son of Dr. E. J. Wolf professor in the Lutheran Theological seminary at Gettysburg, is spending his vacation at the home of his uncle, Mr. Wm. Wolf.

——Aaron Williams, esq., of Bellefonte, announces his name for congress. Mr. Williams is a stalwart Democrat, and has worked effectively in the ranks for many years. He is generally known over the county, and needs no introduction.

——Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Katherman, Miss Nellie Houtz, Miss Ruth Millard, Mr. C. C. Beeber, traveling passenger agent, of Williamsport; Samuel Thompson, traveling passenger agent, from Pittsburg; H. H. Hutchinson, ticket agent of Bellefonte, composed a supper party at the Old Fort Hotel on Wednesday evening.

——Col. Shortlege with Mrs. Shortlege, prospective congressman Corbet, of Westport, with another gentleman and ladies whose names we do not remember, gave the REPORTER a call. The Col. was giving these, his visiting friends, a drive in carriages, to see the sights in Penns valley. We never saw Col. Shortlege look in better humor, he was so proud to have a Democrat, Corbet, in his company.

To Stand an Examination.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company will hire no more men over 45 years of age, and those who are engaged are required to stand an examination by the company' physicians.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

THE clerks of the Grand Hotel in San Francisco, says that the most cheerful man that ever stayed there was M. Dowling of Minneapolis, recently a guest, and he had $600 worth of wooden legs and arms. He wore them all himself. Without them he would not, to all appearances, have made much of a showing. Set up on his high cork legs, however, and with his arms pieced out with the same material, he would burst into the hotel like a ray of light on a dark, cloudy day. He was the victim of one of the playful blizzards of Minnesota. When it was over and he was gathered up from the snow it was difficult to tell what pieces would withstand the allurements of the gravedigger. Some of him survived, however, and then he set about to see what he could do. Both legs were off close to his body. His left forearm was gone, and all he had remaining was the smallest stump of the thumb on the right hand. He practised for a while walking with the heavy leathern boots which everybody has seen legless men wear. Finally he raised enough money to buy cork extremities. Mr. Dowling likes a joke, and when stopped on the street in San Francisco and importuned for arms by men with one leg, or arm, or both legs or arms gone, would immediately take them to restaurants and load them up with a big dinner, all the time listening to their tale of misfortune with the greatest interest. When it was all over his face would lighten, and, much to their astonishment, he would begin shucking his legs and arms, exposing the hypocritical material of which they were made. At the same time he would tell how glad he would be if he was only as well supplied with legs and arms as they were. He would next tell them to brace up, take heart, and begin learning something useful to support themselves. Mr. Dowling cannot use a cane, because he cannot hold one. Therefore without aid he is forced to make his way. He has learned to do it so well that he can outrun any able-bodied man, however skilful he may be, who will hop while he runs. He has learned to grasp a pen or pencil with the small stump of a thumb, and he writes a beautiful hand very rapidly.

WILLIAM E. KNIGHT, familiarly known as "Billy" Knight, a Philadelphia druggist, who died recently, was one of the "characters" of that city, says the Ledger. "He had a regular list of beggars, who came at appointed days and received a modest pension from the old druggist. Occasionally one of these vagabonds, many of them unworthy of the charity bestowed on them, would return before his day, when, with a mild reprimand, usually in the shape of information that it was not his time to call, the beggar would receive some money. His customers usually addressed him as 'Doctor,' and he prescribed for all who asked his advice, and often, when his patient was unable to pay for medicine, the prescription was filled, and renewed, if necessary, without charge. If there was one characteristic more strongly marked than another in the dead druggist, it was his utter disregard for his personal appearance. Although he sold soap and other articles usually considered necessary for the toilet, he evidently felt that they were not essential for his happiness. The hat he wore would have been fitting for a dandy of 1872, while his clothing was anything but fastidious. His twinkling eyes shone out of a weazened, grizzled, and unshaven countenance, while no comb had ever apparently attempted to guide the silvery strands which straggled aimlessly over his nearly denuded head. Another peculiarity of his was his lack of interest in monetary matters. A handful of small change placed on his counter in payment for a bottle of medicine was never counted, but brushed off carelessly and thrown upon a shelf, with the remark "I guess it's all right."

IN a pool enclosed by one of the large greenhouses at Greystone, the Yonkers (N. Y.) country home of the late Samuel J. Tilden, lives an educated black bass. John Forson, the head gardener at Greystone, caught the bass on a hook two summers ago, and by exercising considerable care succeeded in saving its life. In the big palm house, where stately tropical plants rise to the height of thirty feet above a jungle of rare plants from the hot countries, this bass now disports itself. During its two years of confinement in luxury the fish has learned to obey the commands of Mr. Forson, and a whistle from his lips will bring it from the dark recesses of the pool in a twinkling. A snap of the fingers will cause it to disappear just as quickly. If a worm or cricket is held above the surface of the water even to the height of a foot the agile bass will leap for it, and greedily gulp it down. Mr. Forson says the fish seems fond of him and willing to sport with him as long as he stays by the pool. It has several tricks that it performs at the will of the gardener. The only companion the bass has in the pool is a sunfish. Several German carp were there when the savage black fellow was introduced into their society two years ago, but the introduction was advantageous only to the latter. The carp were soon eaten up. The one sunfish either defended itself with vigor against the bass, or entered into a truce, for the two live together in harmony now.

THAT weird story that comes from Texas of the negro who hanged upon the scaffold until justice was satisfied that he was legally dead, and who afterwards came to life and his now able to polish off a 'possum in first-class style, reminds a writer in the St. Louis Republic that there are several cases on record of criminals surviving judicial execution. More than six centuries ago Juetta de Belsham hanged for three days, was cut down and pardoned, the superstitious people believing that God had decreed otherwise. Obadiah Walker, a former master of New College, Oxford, England, tells of a Swiss who was hanged thirteen times, every attempt being frustrated by a peculiarity of the windpipe which prevented strangulation. Ann Green, who was hanged in Oxford in 1650, survived the ordeal, was pardoned by the crown and was soon after married. In 1808 one John Green was hanged in London and recovered on the dissecting table of Surgeon Blizard. A fitting close for this "note" is the story of "Half-Hanged Maggie." She was hanged in Edinburgh in 1740, came to life while being taken to potter's field and lived for years afterwards.

THE Dayton, Ohio, Herald's West Carrollton correspondent writes: "Miss Ethel, daughter of D. W. Pease, is the possessor of a maltese cat. Early in the spring the cat deserted his place in the house and took up his abode with the chickens, remaining day and night in the chicken yard. He soon formed an attachment for an old black hen, which was reciprocated, and the two became inseparable. Thus matters went on for some time, when the hen, remembering that the usual season for multiplying and replenishing her species had arrived, selected a nest in the poultry house and made known her intentions in the usual way. She was at once supplied with the necessary eggs and commenced business. This, it was supposed, would end the rather strange flirtation and Tommy would return to his mat on the porch, but not so. Judge of the surprise of the family on going to the poultry house the next day to find that his catship had taken possession of the adjoining nest with the nest egg and was sitting in the most approved fashion."

ONE specially high peak of the Andes affords a peculiarly fine view of the sunrise, and on two sides of this peak huts have been built within an hour's climb of the apex in order that travellers having scrambled up the mountain side may rest over night and go at it fresh in the morning. An American reached the summit of the mountain from one of the huts just at sunrise one morning and found himself face to face with a stranger who had toiled up from the hut on the opposite side. Both gazed in silence at the sight below, and then one said to the other: "There is only one other view that equals this, in my opinion." "Just what I was thinking," said his companion. "What's your other view?" "That to be seen at sunrise from Fort Nonsense, near Morristown, New Jersey," said the first. "Why, that's mine, too," said the other, and then, standing together on that lonely peak, the two compared notes, and discovered that they were neighbors in the little Jersey town.

A MONKEY witness is shortly to appear in a murder trial at Sattara, India. A traveling showman, whose living depended on five monkeys and a goat, was murdered near Batiti, the whole troupe, with the exception of this one monkey, sharing the fate of their master. The monkey ran up a tree and there watched the assassin bury the showman, the goat and the others monkey. When the awful deed was finished and everything had become quiet, this intelligent "missing link" ran off to let the "patel" of the nearest village know what had happened. By screeches, yells and gesticulation the monkey made the officer understand that something was wrong. The "patel" followed the monkey's lead to the scene of the tragedy, and it is now being kept for the identification of the assassin. This curious plan of detection reminds one of the time-honored story of the dog of Montargis. The people of India, it may be observed, have great faith in the detective instinct of monkeys.

RECENTLY there was a very interesting crowing contest between roosters in Belgium. The poultry raisers of the vicinity of Liege are such admirers of the music which their roosters furnish that they decided to hold a competition at Liege in order to prove definitely whose rooster was the champion crower. All the birds entered in the competition—and there was a great number—were placed in cages, one in each cage, with a trustworthy man in front of each to record the crowing. The contest lasted one hour, and the cock which crowed the greatest number of times in that period received a valuable prize. The winner of the prize crowed 134 times, or more than twice a minute. The Youth's Companion thinks that any one who has seen a young rooster mount a barnyard fence and crow until the housewife comes out and throws a milk-pan at him will not be inclined to impeach the accuracy of this count unless he thinks it is an understatement.

JOHN SHIELDS was returning home from fishing in Rone's Run, near Clyde Hill, Penn., toward evening. He was walking along the edge of the brook, near an old bark-road crossing, carrying the trout he had caught on a willow string, when suddenly something gave a sharp tug at the fish, and pulled them from his hand. He turned quickly, and was astounded to see a mink hurrying to the water, dragging the fish with him. Shields sprang forward to save the fish, but the mink was to quick for him, and jumping in the creek disappeared beneath the water with his prize, and Shields lost the supper he had worked hard for several hours to catch. Such a bold act on the part of an animal so notably shy and suspicious as the mink is known to be, has set all the old Clyde Hill hunters and trappers to wondering.

A FAMOUS rock is the vaselike depression of the "Navajo postoffice," some thirteen miles from Manuelito, New Mexico. The story of this latter is: Whenever a Navajo happens to pass this spot, if on a journey of more than usual importance to himself, as, for instance, in pursuit of lost cattle or to visit a sick relative, he procures a stone or pebble of some unusual shape or color and deposits it in the "postoffice" with a wish for the ultimate success of his trip. How long this custom has been in vogue among this tribe no one can tell, but some idea of its antiquity may be derived from the fact that the "postoffice" now contains not less than 30,000 of these "lucky stones," and many have been scattered and displaced and some have been used many times.

Marriages in Abyssinia.

Abyssinia is a country where, if marriage is a failure, it can be easily dissolved. There is absolutely no legal or holy tie. When a man is desirous of marrying a girl he directly applies to her parents. The maidens, like those in many European countries, are seldom consulted on the question; the lover arranging with the father or male relatives regarding her dower, which generally means a few beeves, sheep or pieces of cloth, and sometimes gold.

On the marriage day the bridegroom presents himself with his best man at the house of his future father-in-law. Much feasting goes on till the bride is carried off by her husband, generally on his shoulders, while the male relatives closely follow, making a canopy of their togas to keep off the rays of the sun, or perhaps the effects of the evil eye. Behind come a crowd of young girls and boys, methodically lifting their arms above heads, and clapping their hands to be measured beating of tom-toms carried by men running along the flanks of the procession, who also blow long trumpets.

The happy couple that I saw married outstripped their followers, with the exception of their best man, and at last reached the town green, where the groomsmen formed a screen with their cloaks round the happy pair, when the deferred courtship began.

It is a custom for the supporters of the groom, generally six in number, to be present on this occasion, and for many days afterward to go round visiting the houses of the mutual friends of the married pair, extolling the beauties of the bride and the accomplishments of groom, generally finishing up with a grotesque dance, which is much enjoyed by the enthusiastic neighbors, crowding round the open doorway.

Though this marriage can be annulled according to mutual agreement of bride and groom, if, after years of happiness together, they wish to cement the tie more closely, the pair simply attend the holy communion together in church, and the marriage is then looked upon as indissoluble.—[Century.

HOW MINES ARE SALTED.

A Coarse Thread Let Out the Secret in One Case in Utah.

An amusing story is told by the famous geologist, Clarence King, of an investigation he made of an alleged silver mine in Utah, says the Kansas City Times. He undertook the task at the instance of certain capitalists who proposed to buy the property, which was represented to be of enormous value. Appearances were certainly very much in its favor. On the way down the shaft the walls on every hand gleamed brightly with shining ore, in the light thrown by the lamps, and the sides of the drift were equally beautiful to the eye of the observing expert. However, while examining the rock more critically he noticed by chance a coarse thread hanging out of it.

Ordinarily threads do not grow in rock and the finding of this one led to the discovery of the whole swindle, for the fact was developed that the owner of the mine had taken a great quantity of galena, reduced it to powder, made it with water into a plaster, and carefully stuccoed the entire walls of shaft and drift with the material. The plaster was carried for this purpose in gunny sacks, a thread from which got mixed up with it.

Perhaps even funnier was the salting of a mine in Colorado, which was bought by ex-Senator Tabor by order from some friends of his in Denver. Chicken Bill, a prospector of rather disreputable notoriety, did the job, performing it so successfully that $40,000 were paid over to him for the property without any question. He was so elated over the transaction as to be unable to keep the secret, communicating it to a number of intimate friends.

In this manner the news reached Denver, and the people who had employed Tabor as their agent in the matter refused to receive the mine. So Tabor finding it left upon his hands, determined to make the best of the situation and proceeded to dig further in the hole. He pierced the rock ten feet further and came upon a body of ore which proved to be one of the richest ever found in this state.

The gullibility of persons who buy mines has passed into a proverb. It is said that such properties have actually been salted with half-melted silver dollars and sold to investors who did not realize that the precious metal was not found in nature with the stamp of the mint upon it. Undoubtedly the most scientific method of accomplishing this sort of swindle is to apply the silver in the shape of a nitrate solution. When it is ready for use, some salt is put into it, and it is squirted over the rock, the salt causing an immediate precipitation of the metal in a manner that is equally conspicuous and deceptive to the eye.

A Pest of White Ants.

La Rochelle has for many years been infested with the white ant. This pest, we learn from a Foreign Office report just issued, was introduced about the end of the last century, and for a long time was confined to a particular quarter of the town, but through the imprudence of builders engaged in repairing the damage these insects had done to the houses (who, instead of burning the old wood, allowed it to be carried away), they are now almost everywhere, and many public and private buildings are in a dangerous state from them. They eat away the beams and timbers from the inside, which makes it very difficult to know the exact amount of damage done, and therefore a house can never be safe where they are known to be. In some cases it has been necessary as a precaution to have the important supporting beams and woodwork taken out and replaced by iron, lest the houses should come down unexpectedly. This has had to be done at the Prefecture, which was the first place where they appeared, and where of late years they have eaten part of the archives, and there are gardens in which it is useless to attempt to grow certain flowers (for instance, geraniums), which they attack by eating out the inside of the stalk, leaving only the skin untouched. It has been found impossible to destroy or get rid of them. —[London Globe.

TEN miners in Pulmas County, Cal., were descending a snow covered mountain, dinner-pails in hand. Suddenly there was an avalanche, and the miners shot down the mountain with frightful velocity. In a few moments the snow-slide separated, five of the men going down a slope 700 feet long, and the others not halting until they had bounded over a precipice 30 feet high, and come to a stop unhurt after traveling fully 1,700 feet.

Professor Huxley composes slowly, writing not more than 2,000 words a week.

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

OBSTACLES TO THE CURE OF DISEASE.—A disease is also incurable when its causes work on without interruption. Malaria induces an incurably chronic condition if the infected person does not leave the impregnated marshland of his residence. A bronchial catarrh continues stationary, and at last draws the lungs into sympathy with it, if the person attacked by it remains constantly exposed to a dusty atmosphere. With like suddenness and energy of the causes of disease, with like continuance of the local processes, the individual's power of resistance, the vigor of his constitution, are important factors in determining the outcome. A vigorous 30-year-old man will overcome an inflammation of the lungs, which would be fatal to an old man, to a drinker, or to a man weakened by luxury or a life of dissipation or suffering. Finally, "crimen non est artis, sed aegroti"—the fault is not of the art, but of the patient—is the phrase that may be applied to those cases in which the most correct measures taken under favorable circumstances fail to accomplish their purpose, because the patient himself does not or cannot co-operate with them. No treatment can relieve the smoker from his throat catarrh so long as he persists in his habit. This aspect of the case is especially pertinent to the nervous disorders, which are one of the growing scourges of our age; incapacity and vacillation, the force of outer influences, or the pressure of business too often intervene to interrupt a cure which was otherwise fairly possible.—[Prof. H. Nothnagel, in the Popular Science Monthly.

PURE AIR AND THE FUNCTIONS OF LIFE.—Exercise, as well as pure air, helps us in our constant struggle against the poisons that we manufacture within ourselves. It does this by driving the blood charged with oxygen, by means of the pressure of the muscles called into play, more thoroughly through the tissues; and thus it would quicken the breaking down of dead tissue into its safe and final waste products (water, carbonic acid, and urea), and shorten the period during which the dead tissue was passing through various dangerous forms which it temporarily assumes. From this fact we may infer that the man of sedentary life, above all others, requires pure air. In truth, pure air and exercise are equal forces acting in the same direction. They both get rid of waste, and with it of the poisons in the system which are depressing various organs. We need not, therefore, be surprised when we are told by Sir D. Galton that after barracks were better ventilated the rations of the men had to be increased; or by "the pathetic story" of certain seamstresses whose workroom was ventilated, and who then begged that the old state of things might be restored, as their appetities had increased beyond their earnings. Sir D. Galton gives another experience, illustrating the function of life. A New York medical men rather cruelly shut up some flies without food, some in foul air, others in pure air; the pure air being constantly changed. To his surprise, the flies in the pure air died first, these dying from simple starvation; while the flies in the foul air died from poison, and with the tissue of their bodies unexhausted, indicating how the functions of life were carried on to the last where oxygen was available, but had been slowed and depressed by the presence of the poison, so that life was actually maintained longer in the foul than in the pure air.—[Harold Wager and Auberon Herbert, in the Popular Science Monthly.

DIET FOR HOT WEATHER.—To that sense of personal comfort which prompts the least thoughtful of us to go in out of the wet, says the Philadelphia Press, may be ascribed the universal practice among enlightened people of donning or doffing extra clothes according to seasonal changes. This recognition of the need of equalizing the warmth of the body is instinctive. It seems, however, that a little intelligence less crude is required for the perception of the simpler and important fact that an equable bodily heat is more satisfactorily attained by the proper regulation of one's food than by the addition or subtraction of one's clothes. Perhaps one person in a hundred adapts his diet to the changing seasons of the year; and one person in a thousand to the varying temperature of the seasons. The rest wear ulsters and circulars in winter and seersuckers and gauzes in summer; and eat about the same foods at breakfast, lunch and dinner all the year round. In view of which the protest of Dr. N. E. Yorke Davies, an English physician, well and favorably known to fat people the world over for his scientific cure of corpulency, is as welcome as it is timely. Dr. Davies very pertinently suggests that the rising generation should be carefully instructed in the physiology of food. He would have every man and every woman learn well the particular use of each food in the economy of the body, and what kinds of food are suited for intellectual work in contradistinction to muscular work; and what kinds, moreover, are best adapted to the requirements of the body in the different seasons of the year. We have not the least doubt that fewer wives would become widows, if, happily, in the scheme of their early education they had learned the dietetic value of the meats they furnish their husbands; if they knew, for example, that the foods which are conveyed into heat are the starches, sugar and fat, and that those which more particularly nourish the nervous and muscular systems are the albumen and salts. Dr. Davies assails the time-honored belief that meats are heating, and that farinaceous foods are not; and he recommends for hot weather, as the result of his valuable experience as a dietician, a regimen composed of fish, such meats as fowl and game, green vegetables, salads, and fruit. Farinaceous food—that is, starches, such as breads, biscuit, oatmeal, rice, arrowroot, and even potatoes, should be eaten in smallest quantity only. The fruit that is eaten will supply the system with sufficient sugar, and should not be supplemented. The doctor shrewdly suspects that it would be useless to advise those who take alcoholic drinks for the sake of their stimulating qualities, that spirits and beers and certain wines are too heating in summer, and that, however suitable port, sherry, spirits and beer may be in the colder months of the year, the best summer beverages, containing alcohol, are those known as the light, dry Moselle wines. Acidulated drinks, mineral waters, and tea, however, are preferable from the hygienic as from any other point of view. But just as the stubborn dipsomaniac will continue to imbibe his false eau de vie instead of the free and limpid gift the gods have given him, so it is to be feared a perverse world, despite the admonitions of Dr. Davies, will blindly trust to its cotton fabrics and break its fast in summer on oatmeal, biscuit, and bacon.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

SPINACH SOUP.—To make spinach soup the Ladies' Home Companion gives the following recipe: Wash and drain a peck of spinach, put in a saucepan of boiling water, and boil twenty minutes; take from the water and put to keep warm. Put a quart of milk on to boil; press the spinach through a colander and add to boiling milk; rub a tablespoonful of butter and two of flour together and mix in; season with salt and pepper and serve.

FISH HASH.—Boil six good-sized potatoes and one cupful of stripped codfish together, and while hot chop them fine together with three or four slices of boiled beet. Put the mixture on the stove in a granite stewpan, and a good-sized piece of butter and beat thoroughly with a silver fork. Place on a hot platter in any form desired, garnish with parsley, pieces of beet and carrot cut in fancy shapes, and slices of hard-boiled eggs.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak two tablespoonfuls of tapioca over night in just enough water to cover it; in the morning boil one quart of milk with the soaked tapioca by placing it in a tin can or pail set in a kettle of water to boil. Add two-thirds of a cup of sugar and a little salt. Beat the eggs, whites and yolks separately, and add the yolk after the milk has boiled ten minutes. Remove from the fire and stir rapidly for five minutes so it will not curdle. Flavor with vanilla; pour into a pudding dish; pour the whites (frothed) over the top, and set in the oven a few minutes to brown. Serve cold.

A New Kind of Grain.

G. W. Coplen of Latah is this year tenderly nursing a couple of stalks of wheat which have a curious history. In the fall of 1890 a wild goose killed on one of the islands near the straits of Fuca was found to contain seeds resembling wheat. These were planted and grew profusely, Mr. Copen securing two sample grains where it had grown at Nelson, British Columbia. The grains are nearly twice the length of ordinary wheat, shaped something like a grain of rye, but much thicker. The two grains germinated quickly, sent up thrifty blades and are growing well. It is hoped this will prove a valuable variety. It would seem that the bird from which the original grains were taken must have found the plant in the remote north, and if no grain is found now cultivated in the known world like this still further color will be given to the supposition that there is a Polar sea, with vegetable life on its shore. — [Puget Sound (Washington) Mail.

Lafitte, the Pirate.

Lieutenant Haines, of the United States Navy, thus describes a survivor of Lafitte's band of freebooters: "He was a tough-looking specimen, and must have been well past eighty years of age, for it is more than sixty years since Lafitte had his headquarters on Galveston Island and preyed upon the commerce of the gulf. The relic of those half-forgotten times was an inmate of a Jersey City charitable institution, and was not much inclined to discuss bygones. He said, however, that Lafitte was a very handsome Frenchman, more than six feet in height, well made and possessed of wonderful talents as a commander. He ruled the toughest lot of them ever congregated on one island as though they were a flock of lambs. Occasionally a lawless spirit would rebel, however, but his days thenceforth were brief and full of trouble. Every woman who came in contract with Lafitte fell in love with him, and he was as safe among his female friends in New Orleans as on Galveston Island surrounded by his armed buccaneers.—[Chicago Herald.

Musical Glasses.

There are many variations of the glass harmonica or musical glasses. The simplest is to use an ordinary tumbler or a finger bowl, filled partly with water and to impart a vibration to it by moistening the tip of the finger and passing it around the rim. Care should be taken that the finger tip, as well as the glass, is clean and free from any greasiness. Elaborate sets of glasses are often used upon the stage, the musical tone of each depending upon the amount of water in the glasses or upon their size and thickness. Sometimes, where the glasses are of different sizes, they are set in felt to give solidity to them, and no water is used.—[New York Sun.

Shakespeare as an Entomologist.

Shakespeare's knowledge of birds and of quadrupeds was apparently equalled by his aquaintance with insects. At a late meeting of a local English Entomological Society, Mr. William Webster read a paper entitled, "Was Shakespeare an Entomologist?" The author stated that he had examined the works of the poet, and found two hundred and seven references to insects, and, as far as could be ascertained, mention of thirty kinds of insects, and showed by numerous quotations that the great poet not only had a fair knowledge of entomology, but that he was a philosophical observer of nature.—[New York Independent.

Machine for Sheep Shearing.

There is a shearing machine in use in Australia and New Zealand by the large flock owners, but, although this is an American invention, it is not in use here for this purpose. But it is used for clipping horses and also by barbers for cutting persons' hair. The machine works well and easily, and does not cut the sheep or twice cut the wool, as often happens with shearing.—[New York Times.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

EPITOME OF NEWS GLEANED FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE STATE.

LIGHTNING struck several buildings in Freeland. Mrs. George Mosinky was killed.

THE citizens of Minersville have presented a petition to the Schuylkill County Court protesting against the present assessments of property by the County Commissioners.

CHESTER B. SALZTER, aged 10, of Reading, died from lockjaw, the consequences of a wound received on the Fourth of July.

SUPERINTENDENT LANDIS, of the Allentown Public Schools, in his report declares that the night schools opened in that city are a failure, owing to irregularity and indifference.

SHERIFF MILLER, of Lehigh County, read the death warrant to William F. Keck, the condemned murderer, in Allentown.

LIZZIE SANDOF, of Lancaster County, was bitten by a copperhead snake, while picking berries. She is in a critical condition.

LIGHTNING struck the stone residence of Charles Sheller, in Chester County, and three of the inmates were stunned.

BY an explosion of dynamite in an Edwardsville colliery, one man was killed and another fatally injured.

GOVERNOR PATTISON signed the application for the pardon of John Lawless, of Clearfield County, who was indicted for assault and battery, convicted and sentenced to eighteen months in the Western Penitentiary.

AT Chartiers, David Hughes, aged 15, fatally stabbed Thomas Connors, aged 16. The murder was caused by a quarrel.

HOT slag was dumped into a swamp near the Pennsylvania Steel Works at Steelton, causing an explosion. Louis Hunter, colored who was terribly mangled, died. Edward Bently and Andrew Krupas are seriously hurt, but will recover.

BECAUSE their parents objected to the wedding, Harry Hamilton and Annie Mead, of Philadelphia, both under 20 years, eloped, were married in Camden, and went to Wilkesbarre to live. Hamilton's father brought the groom from there to this city, and the bride is now waiting to hear from her parents.

THE Fourth Regiment, N. G. P., has been ordered to encamp in Columbia for the week commencing July 23d.

THE 12-year-old daughter of Patrick Powers, at Jermyn, near Scranton, was assaulted by Edward Clark. The girl died, and the neighbors threaten to lynch Clark if caught.

THE State Editorial Association will meet in Scranton.

SCRANTON may not get the State Fair this year, as there is a difference of opinion between the State Society people and the local persons interested in the movement.

THE Scranton street car employees want more pay for Sunday work, and the company is now considering the matter.

CITIZENS of Wallingford applied to court for an injunction to stop the construction of the trolley railroad.

AN important meeting of the State Board of Health was held at Harrisburg. Measures to prevent an epidemic of small-pox were taken. Hon. S. T. Davis, of Lancaster, was elected president.

SHENANDOAH citizens petitioned the Pottsville courts to have the recent elections, at which it was decided to erect waterworks, set aside. A rule was granted.

MURDERER KECK, at Allentown, was informed of the signing of his death warrant by Governor Pattison.

THE Governor signed the death warrants of William F. Keck, of near Allentown, and Henry Davis, of Philadelphia. They will be hanged September 8.

FREDERICK T. BECK, of Orwigsburgh, committed suicide by hanging himself to a bed post in his room.

HAZLETON has forwarded to the Governor $114 for the relief of the Titusville and Oil City sufferers.

KIRK SHEPHERD, of Chester, became suddenly insane. He entered his parents' bedroom and assaulted them. Mrs. Shepherd escaped by jumping out through a window.

SAMUEL T. BUTLER, the alleged defaulting tax collector of Delaware county, waived a hearing before a Justice of the Peace at Moore's and was committed to Media jail in default of bail.

A DESTRUCTIVE storm swept through Brown township, Lycoming county. Many trees were destroyed.

A German Schoolmaster.

After teaching school for fifty-one years Johann Jacob Haberle, of Germany, died some years ago, and his dairy has just been published, in which the punishments he administered are all noted down. He gave 911,517 strokes with the stick, 240,100 "smites" with a birch-rod, 10,986 hits with a ruler, 136,715 hand smacks, 10,235 slaps on the face, 7,905 boxes on the ears, 115,800 blows on the head, 12,763 tasks from the Bible, catechism, the poets, and grammar—every two years he had to buy a Bible to replace the one so roughly handled by his scholars—777 times he made his pupils kneel on peas, and 5,001 scholars had to do penance with a ruler held over their heads. As to his abusive words, not a third of them were to be found in

What It Means.

Wife—"What does it mean in this paper when it says that the young German Emperor expects a call to arms?"

Husband—"A call to arms? I suppose he expects his wife to say: 'Wilhelm, take the baby.'" — General Manager.

Forgetful.

In 1871 a man in Auburn, Maine, deposited $2,200 in a savings bank, and, as he was growing old, forgot all about it. One of his relatives learned of the deposit lately, and the forgetful old man was agreeably surprised to find that his $2,200 had increased to $5,000.

Miss Murray Hill—I wonder if Bridget drinks? Of late her nose is suspiciously red.

Mr. Murray Hill—Maybe she has got hold of some of that red paint you smear on your face when you go to the theater.—Texas Siftings.

FISHING.

A youth beside the water sits,
The noonday sun is warmly beaming;
His nose and neck are turkey red,
His eye with radiant hope is gleaming.
He watches close the bobbing cork
Advance upon the tiny billows;
A jerk, a swish, and high above
He lands a sucker in the willows.
That's fishing.

A fair maid trips the tennis court,
A dozen eyes admire her going;
Her black-and-yellow blazer burns
A hole right through the sunset's glowing.
She drives the ball across the net,
And into hearts consumed with wishing
She drives a dart from Cupid's bow;
She'll land a sucker, too. She's fishing.
That's fishing.

My little wife beside me stands
And steals a dimpled arm around me;
A kiss upon my lips—that's bait—
Some information to astound me.
Her bonnet is quite out of style,
Her summer wrap quite past the using;
That lovely one—so cheap at Brown's—
Is just the one she would be choosing.
That's fishing.

So, whether the game be fish or men,
The bait be kisses, worms, or blushes—
The place at home, by sunny pool,
Or tennis ground at evening's hushes—
'Tis the old game the serpent played
With Mother Eve in Eden's bowers,
And Adam's sons and daughters all
Will love the sport to time's last hours.
That's fishing.

—[American Angler.

NOIRAUD--THE GUIDE.

"Don't fear, Monsieur, you shall not miss your train. Fifteen years now I've been taking travelers to the station and never have I made one miss a train—understand, Monsieur, never!"

"Nevertheless——"

"Oh, you need not look at your watch. There's one thing you must know, and do not know, and your watch will not tell you—the train is always a quarter of an hour late. There has never been an instance when it was not late by a quarter of an hour."

There was one that day. The train had been on time, and I missed it. My driver was furious.

"You should give notice," he cried to the Stationmaster. "You should give notice, if your trains are, all of a sudden, going to leave on time. The thing has never been known."

And calling a bystander to witness: "Has it ever been known? I don't wish to seem in fault, Monsieur. A train on the moment! A train exact! Tell him that this is the first time it ever happened." There was a general cry: "Yes, yes, generally it is late." None the less, I had three long hours to pass in a melancholy village of the Canton of Vaud, flanked by two melancholy mountains, with little tufts of snow on their heads.

How to kill those hours? In my turn I appealed to the bystanders, and again there was a general cry: "Go see the Caldron. There's nothing else to see in this region." Where was the Caldron? On the mountain to the right, half-way up, but the road was a little complicated. I was advised to take a guide, and there, down there in that little white house with the green blinds, I should find the best guide in the country, an honest fellow, Father Simon.

I went off to knock at the door of the little house. An old woman opened it for me.

"Father Simon?"

"This is the place, but, but, if it's to go to the Caldron—"

"Yes, it's to go to the Caldron."

"Well, he's not been well since morning, Father Simon—his legs have given out. He cannot go. But don't be worried; there's some one to take his place—there's Noiraud."

"Very well, let me have Noiraud."

"Only I ought to let you know—it isn't a person—Noiraud."

"Not a person?"

"No, it's our dog."

"How, your dog?"

"Yes, Noiraud, and he'll guide you well, as well as my husband, he's used to it."

"Used to it?"

"Certainly, for years and years Father Simon has taken him along; he's learned the places, and now he manages very well alone. He has taken up a lot of travelers and has always been complimented. As for intelligence, don't fear. He has as much as you and I. He only lacks speech. But speech is not necessary—if there was a great building to show, yes, then you must know how to recite the story and give dates. But here there's nothing but the beauties of nature. Take Noiraud. Then its cheaper—3f for my husband; Noiraud is only 30 sous, and he'll show you as much for his 30 sous as my husband for 3f.

"Well, where's Noiraud?"

"He's asleep in the sun in the garden. He took some English people up this morning. Shall I call him?"

"Yes. Call him!"

"Noiraud! Noiraud!"

He came through the window with a bound. It was an ugly little black dog, with curly and tumbled coat; he was not pretty, but he had an air of gravity, decision, importance. His first glance was at me, direct, precise, confident, which took me in swiftly from head to foot, and said plainly, "It's a traveler. He wants to see the Caldron."

One train missed was enough for one day, and I explained to the good woman that I had absolutely only three hours for my trip to the Caldron.

"Oh, I know perfectly. You wish the 4 o'clock train. Fear nothing. Noiraud will get you back in time. Come, Noiraud. Start, my boy, start."

But Noiraud showed no disposition to start. He remained motionless, regarding his mistress with a certain agitation.

"Oh, I'm stupid," said the old woman. "I was forgetting the sugar."

She went to a drawer, took out four bits of sugar, and giving them to me: "That's why he would not start. You had not the sugar. You see, Noiraud, Monsieur has got the sugar. Now start, my boy. To the Caldron! Go! To the Caldron! To the Caldron!

She repeated these words three times, speaking very slowly and distinctly, and I watched Noiraud attentively. He answered his mistress with little movements of his head, more and more emphatic, with a final touch of impatience and ill-humor. They could be translated. "Yes, yes, to the Caldron. I understand. The gentleman has the pieces of sugar, and we are going to the Caldron. That's understood. Do you take me for a dunce?"

And before the third "to the Caldron" was fairly uttered, Noiraud, clearly hurt, turned on his heels, planted himself right in front of me, and, with his glance on the door, said to me as plainly as a dog could say it:

"Come on, come on!"

I followed him with docility. We both set out, he before, I behind. We passed through the village. Children playing in the street recognized my guide. "Oh, Noiraud; Bon jour, Noiraud!" They wished to play with the dog, but he turned his head disdainfully with the air of a dog who has no time for play, who is on duty and must earn his thirty sous. One of the children cried:

"Let him alone. He is taking the gentleman to the Caldron. Bon jour, M'sieu!" And then they all laughed, repeating the salutation. I smiled, but awkwardly, I am sure. I felt embarrassed, a little humiliated even. The animal dominated me; he was my master; he knew where he was going and I did not. I was in haste to get out of the village, to get alone with Noiraud before the beauties of nature, which it was his mission to make me admire.

The first of these was a frightfully dusty road, burning under a leaden sun. The dog went with a light step, which it tired me to follow. I tried to moderate him.

"Noiraud! Here, Noiraud, my boy! Not so fast!"

But Noiraud turned a deaf ear, pushed along his steady little gait and was seized with a genuine fit of anger when I wanted to sit down at the corner of a field under a tree that afforded a scant shade. He set to barking in a little irritated voice, casting impatient glances at me. Plainly what I was doing was against the rule. It wasn't the custom to stop there. And his yelps were so sharp and exasperating that I arose to resume my walk. Noiraud instantly quieted down and went trotting gayly in advance. I had comprehended him. He was satisfied.

Some minutes later we entered on a delicious road, all flowers, perfume, shade, all full of coolness and the murmur of springs. Noiraud suddenly slipped among the trees, took to a gallop and vanished down a little path. I followed him out of breath. I had not gone a hundred steps when I found my Noiraud awaiting me, his head high, his eye shining in a sort of hall of verdure made gay with the song of a dainty waterfall. There was an old rustic bench, and Noiraud's glance turned impatiently from my eyes to the bench, from the bench to my eyes. I was beginning to understand the language of Noiraud. "Now," it said to me, "there's a place to rest. It's nice here—it's cool. You are stupid. You wanted to stop in the hot sun. Come, sit down; you may sit down; I allow you that."

And I stopped and I sat down, and I lighted a cigar. I was just on the point of offering one to Noiraud. Perhaps he smoked. But it occurred to me that he would prefer a bit of sugar. He caught it very adroitly on the fly, crunched it with zest, lay down and settled himself at my feet. Evidently here he was used to a little halt and a little nap.

He scarcely dozed over ten minutes. I was now completely at ease. Noiraud began to inspire me with absolute confidence. I had made up my mind to obey him blindly. He rose, stretched, gave me a little side-long glance which signified, "Let's start, my friend, let's start." And away we went, like two old friends, through the wood at a gentler pace; Noiraud was enjoying the charm, the silence, the sweetness of the place. On the road, a while back, in haste to escape the heat and dust, he had gone on with a little firm, quick gait. And now refreshed, relaxed, Noiraud was walking for the pleasure of walking in one of the prettiest little paths of the Canton of Vaud.

A road opens to the left. A slight hesitation on Noiraud's part. Then he passes by and keeps on his route straight ahead, but not without some uncertainty, some trouble in his manner. Now he stops. He must have made a mistake. Yes, for he retraces his steps, and we take the road to the left, which, at the end of a hundred paces, brings us to a sort of amphitheatre, and Noiraud, nose in air, invites me to contemplate the very respectable height of the impassable wall of rocks that forms this amphitheatre. When Noiraud and I have contemplated sufficiently, about face! and we resume the little path through the wood. Noiraud had forgotten to show me the rocky amphitheatre—a slight error quickly repaired.

The route soon becomes very steep, broken, difficult. I can only advance slowly with infinite precaution. Noiraud leaps lightly from rock to rock, but does not desert me. He waits for me, fixing upon me a look of the most touching solicitude. Finally I begin to hear a sort of boiling; Noiraud yelps joyously.

"Courage," he said to me. "Courage. We are nearing it. You shall see the Caldron." A stream, modest enough and from a modest height, falls with backward jets and rebounds into a great rock slightly hollowed out. I should hardly be paid for this laborious ascent by seeing this mediocre marvel if I had not had for a companion this brave Noiraud, who is much more interesting and very much more remarkable than the Caldron.

On each side of the stream, in little Swiss chalets, are placed two milk stands kept by two little Swiss girls, one blonde, one brunette, both in the national costume, eagerly watching my arrival from the threshold of their houselets, veritable little boxes cut out by machinery.

It seems to me that the little blonde has very pretty eyes, and I had already made three or four steps towards her, when Noiraud, breaking into furious barks, resolutely barred my passage. Can he have preference for the little brunette? I change my direction. Yes, that was it. Noiraud's friend enters her little playhouse and Noiraud follows at her heels. Through a half opened window I followed Noiraud with my eyes. The wretch. He is being served before me. It is he who first has his big bowl of milk. He is venal.

After which, with little drops of milk on his mustaches, Noiraud comes to keep me company and watch me drink my milk. I give him a bit of sugar, and both, satisfied absolutely with each other, breathing our lungs full of the light and lively air of the mountain at this height of a thousand or twelve hundred feet, we pass a delicious half-hour. Noiraud commences to give signs of impatience and perturbation. I read his eyes now like an open book. We must start. I pay, rise, and as I stare to the right toward the road that brought us up the mountain, I noticed that my Noiraud has gone and planted himself on the left at the entrance to another road. He fastens upon me a serious, severe look. How much progress I have made in a couple of hours, and how the silent eloquence of Noiraud has become familiar to me.

"What do you think of me?" says Noiraud to me. "Do you suppose I'm going to take you over the same ground twice? No, no, really. I'm a good guide. I know my business. We shall go down by another road."

We descend again by another road which is far prettier than the first. Noiraud merrily turns toward me often with a little air of triumph and joy. We pass through the village and on the square by the station. Noiraud is assailed by three or four dogs of his acquaintance who seemed strongly inclined to gossip and play a little with their comrade. They try to stop him as he passes, but Noiraud growling, grumbling, sharply repulses their advances. "You see what I have to do. I am taking this gentleman to the station."

It is only in the waiting-room that he consents to be separated from me, after having gayly crunched the last two bits of sugar, and this is the way that I translate the good-by glance of Noiraud.

"Here we are twenty minutes ahead of time. It is not I who would make you miss the train. Well, well, bon voyage, bon voyage."—[From the French of Ludovic Halevey.

POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES.

TO FACILITATE ROPE CLIMBING.—A valuable practical device is that which has lately been brought to notice by a French inventor, designed to facilitate rope climbing, while at the same time permitting the climber to have free use of his hands. The apparatus consists of two boards, joined by a hinge, with a hole passing through both the hinge and the boards, and the extremities of the latter provided with straps which can be fastened to the feet of the man using the apparatus. The method of climbing involved in this arrangement is simple. When the feet attached to the boards are lifted the rope is free, but the moment the feet are pressed down on the two boards the rope is firmly gripped. It is only necessary, therefore, to lift the body by both hands as far as possible, and it can then be held by the hinged clamps until another lift is made. By the use of a belt to hold the body close to the rope the hands may be left free. The device, which is claimed to fulfil its purpose admirably, is designed especially for the use of fireman and painters, also to serve as a fire escape.

PREDICTING THUNDERSTORMS.—The chief of the Weather Bureau, being desirous of increasing the efficiency of the service, has arranged to cover the territory from the Ohio Valley to the coast during the summer months with a supplementary service predicting thunderstorms, for the benefit of the general public, but particularly for farmers during harvest, when such information is invaluable. For this purpose eight special forecasting stations for thunderstorms have been designated as follows: Albany, New York, Buffalo, Pittsburg, New Brunswick, N. J., Cincinnati, Chicago and Detroit. The observers at Buffalo and Ithaca to the westward have been directed to report the occurrence of a thunderstorm and the direction in which it is traveling to the Albany station. When a thunderstorm strikes New York and is passing to the northward the observers there are also directed to report the fact to Albany. In case a thunderstorm is reported from Buffalo, and later from Ithaca, the observers in this city can calculate from the difference in the line of the two reports and the distance between the two cities, and compute very closely the rate at which the storm is travelling, and thus predict with considerable accuracy when it will reach this city or vicinity. Thunderstorms depend upon temperature, humidity and the condition of the ground over which the storm is passing. They move as a rule, from west to east, or from southwest to northeast, across this State. When a thunderstorm is reported from Buffalo, and later from Ithaca, it can be pretty generally relied upon to reach this vicinity if the temperature and conditions of the atmosphere are favorable. If not, we get rain anyhow, so that the report is valuable to supplement the regular service. A case of this sort occurred recently. A thunderstorm was reported from Sandusky, Ohio. The same evening it was reported at Buffalo, and later at Ithaca, but the temperature in this section was too low for a thunderstorm. The rain, however, arrived on time, reaching Albany next morning. Albany is an excellent point from which to distribute information of this character, on account of the excellent telephone and telegraph communication with the surrounding country. It is already being sent to the nearest suburban towns, and the field will be widened as fast as possible. The predictions will also be sent to some of the larger towns in Eastern New York, and from them disseminated throughout the rural districts, where it is expected they will be of inestimable value to farming people.

Hair Wreath of Ten Thousand Locks.

Miss Hattie Chipps of Budds Lake, N. J., once made a wreath (which she still has in her possession) wholly of human hair. It comprises 10,000 locks from as many different heads, and is arranged in curious and beautiful designs, principally leaves, flowers, etc. She spent over a year in collecting the hair, which is of every shade and color, before the wreath itself was begun. It is a unique ornament, as well as a triumph of patience and ingenuity.—[St. Louis Republic.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Feminine Malice—Familiar to Them—Concentrated Wisdom—His Own Business, Etc. Etc.

FEMININE MALICE.

Miss Esmerelda Longcoffin and Birdie McGinnis, both belles of Harlem, do not love each other excessively. Not long ago Tom Anjerry called on Miss Longcoffin, and during the conversation they came to talk about Miss McGinnis.

"She has beautiful auburn locks," remarked Miss Longcoffin.

"Last time I saw her," replied Tom, "her hair was quite dark. I think she put oil on her hair to make it look darker."

"I should be afraid to go near her. Pouring oil on a fire is a risky business," said Esmerelda, maliciously.—[Texas Siftings.

FAMILIAR TO THEM.

"A horse ought to know something about selecting post-office sites."

"Why?"

"Because every horse has his stamping ground."—[Rider and Driver.

CONCENTRATED WISDOM.

"Who is it that possesses all knowledge?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

"My brother James," replied a diminutive pupil. "He's just home from college."—[Brooklyn Life.

HIS OWN BUSINESS.

"I hear you have left Kernell, Knapp & Company."

"Yes; three weeks ago."

"What are you doing now?"

"I'm in business for myself."

"So?"

"Yes. Looking for work."

EVERY DOLLAR COUNTS.

Young Froogle (to his affianced)—Ever been vaccinated, darling?

Darling—No. Do you think I ought to be?

Young Froogle—By all means. Everybody ought to be. Speak to your father about it, dearest.—[Chicago Tribune.

THE OLD MAN KICKED.

Skads—You don't go up on Cass avenue to see your girl any more?

Skids—No, I've quit.

Skads—What's that for?

Skids—Aw, the old man kicked.—[Detroit Free Press.

THE EXACT TRUTH.

"Well, pet, how do you find poor Uncle Thomas? Was he sitting up?"

"No; he was thitting down."

BABY'S PICTURE.

Wife—I'm tired to death. Been having the baby's picture taken by the instantaneous process.

Husband—How long did it take?

Wife—About four hours.—[New York Weekly.

HE AND SHE.

He called her his dear little cloud,
And when she asked him why
He said, because she carried airs
And held herself so high.

"You couldn't be a cloud," she said,
With angry little twist,
"Because no matter where you were,
You never would be mist."

—[Cloak Review.

JUST SO.

"I am fairly distracted," said Mr. Finear answering a friend's inquiry as to whether it was hot enough for him

"What's the matter?" asked his friend.

"My neighbor's daughter has a piano and she's bang, bang, banging at it all the time."

"But your daughter has a piano and, if I mistake not is using it most of the time."

"Yes; but my daughter can play."

A DELICATE FLUID.

Housekeeper—That milk you left yesterday was perfectly horrid. It tasted like garlic.

Milkman—Milk is easily spoiled, mum. Had you been cookin' garlic?

"No, we hain't."

"Been keepin' garlic in the milkpan, maybe?"

"We never use it."

"Queer. Maby some o' th' neighbors has been cookin' garlic."

"No, they haven't."

"Any visitors at your house yesterday?"

"Not even a caller, excepting my daughter's French teacher."

"Hum? Better drop French, mum.—[New York Weekly.

RATHER CONFUSING.

Bilkins—There comes Jinks. He's a hateful fellow.

Wilkins—Is he one of these miserable, low down dead-beats who are always borrowing money?

Bilkins—N—o, he—er—he—um—er—never has any to lend.—[New York Weekly.

PUT THE FOE TO FLIGHT.

Mother—The grocer sends word that he gave you an extra dozen of eggs by mistake. Where are they?

Small Son—I seed I had a dozen to spare, so I threw 'em at some boys wot was kiddin' me. You oughter seen 'em scoot.—[Good News.

CLOSE AS HE EVER GOT.

Microscopist—Did you ever look at a thousand dollar bill through a microscope?

Impecunious Friend—No; always used a telescope.—[Chicago News.

TAKES IT HOME.

In the Furniture Store.—Lady—What has become of those handsome sideboards you had when we called last?

Salesman (bashful, yet gratified)—I've shaved them off again, miss.—[Pick-Me-Up.

LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT.

Table—Do you like to have that young Billington call to see Miss Coonington?

Lamp—No. I am always put out when he's here.—[Puck.

A WOMAN'S POLITICS.

She (over the breakfast table)—What's the news?

He—Well, Stevenson is nominated.

She—Why, I thought Cleveland was nominated.

He—Well, so he is, my dear, but Stevenson is for Vice-President, you know.

She—I thought Reid was for Vice-President.

He—Yes, but Reid is a Republican, and there must be a Democratic nominee, too.

She—Oh, yes; well, I'm a Democrat.

He—Then you'll vote for Cleveland and Stevenson.

She—No, I won't. I don't know anything about Stevenson. I'll vote for Cleveland and Reid.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

TWO SONGS.

City Child—Mamma, I wish we lived in the country.

City Mamma—Horrors! It's dreadfully lonely in the country, and one can't possibly get a servant girl there.

City Child—I want to lie on the grass and hear the birds sing.

City Mamma—Be a good girl, and I'll let you go sit in the kitchen with Bridget and hear the kettle sing.

BOUND TO RISE.

"If I were only as ambitious as this infernal necktie," sighed Mudge, as he pulled down that ornament for the fifth time in an hour, "I'd be worth a million dollars this very minute."—[Indianapolis Journal.

POLITENESS.

Mendicant (holding out his hand)—I beg your pardon.

Gent—Don't mention it. I thought you were going to beg money.—[Detroit Free Prers.

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

Hicks—See those two ladies over there. They seem to be enjoying themselves hugely.

Wicks—Yes; I wonder which of their dear friends they are picking to pieces.—[Boston Transcript.

HOW TRUE!

Sue—Fred, you have been drinking.

Fred—I thought love was blind.

Sue—It is; but blindness makes the sense of smell more acute.—[Puck.

NOT ENOUGH ROCKS.

Friend—Trouble with your wife, eh? What rock did your domestic ship split on?

Spinks—None at all. Hadn't rocks enough; that was the difficulty.—[New York Weekly.

THIS EXPLAINS IT.

Rivers—This new comet, it seems, has eight tails. What use has a comet for eight tails?

Banks—Perhaps it was fly time when it started out.—[Chicago Tribune.

REGULAR, BUT NOT STEADY.

"I thought you said Tipler was a steady drinker?"

"So he is."

"You are mistaken."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him the other night and he was so unsteady that he had to hold to a lamp post for support."

THE WORSER HALF.

Mrs. Forundred—We need some new rugs.

Mr. Forundred—Carpets would be more comfortable.

Mrs. Forundred—Rugs are more stylish. You men are such animals. Always talking about comfort.—[New York Weekly.

A FINANCIAL OPERATION.

"Papa," said little Willikins, "you lent me 10 cents yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes, my boy. I think you ought to pay it back, don't you?"

"Yes. If you'll give me 25 cents I will."—[Harper's Young People.

Art in Abyssinia.

We found the walls of the churches in Abyssinia covered with pictures of scriptural history, and the walls of the cathedral with the exploits of Johannes. His victories over the Egyptians at Gorra, and in the valley of Gundet, are fully represented in tones as florid as those of advertising posters at home. The native artist does not make up for crudeness of color by the accuracy of his drawing, and if these pictures have any merit it is in their originality of treatment. For instance, in the cathedral of Gundet, in a picture representing the Israelites crossing the Red Sea, Pharaoh carries in his right hand the latest specimen in six-shooters, and in his left hand he holds a pair of opera glasses, while the Egyptian host sport Remington rifles.

All movement of figures is from right to left, and in all pictures are full-faced, with the exception of Satan and the hated Egyptians, who are painted in acute profile, to show their lack of honesty and good faith, and their inability to look you straight in the face. It is a deplorable fact, and one which, ladies will say at once, only proves the ignorance and barbarity of the Ethiopians that the evil spirits in these compositions are always represented by the softer sex, generally showing their naughtiness by exhibiting their tongues.

The church painter goes so far as to question the gallantry of St. George, the Abyssinian patron saint, by depicting that warrior, instead of doing battle with the dragon, as spearing the graceful, undulating form of a long-tongued woman.—[Century.

Sacred Fires of India.

The sacred fires of India have not all been extinguished. The most ancient which still exists, was consecrated twelve centuries ago in commemoration of the voyage made by the Parsees when they emigrated from Persia to India. The fire is fed five times every twenty-four hours, with sandal wood and other fragrant materials, combined with very dry fuel. This fire, in the village of Oodwoda, near Bulser, is visited by the Parsees in large numbers during the months allotted to the presiding genius of fire.—[Brooklyn Citizen.

"KEEPING COMPANY."

Sweet homely phrase, so often spoke
Among the kindly country folk,
When youthful love they smile to see—
"These two are 'keeping company.'"

In fuller and in higher sense,
Through years of rich experience,
Dear love, 'tis true of you and me—
We've kept each other company.

In joy we've sought each other's eyes
To share the gladness and surprise.
In pain, life's utmost test of ill,
Our hearts have clung together still.

In absence—word with anguish fraught—
We have kept company in thought,
And learned that leagues of distance may
Serve but to spur love on its way.

In death—I pause with bated breath
Before the mystery of death!
Yet love is great! I seem to know
That where thou goest I shall go;

And in God's great eternity
Our souls shall still keep company.

DYNAMITE.

Facts Not Generally Known About this Explosive.

Very few people have a correct idea of what dynamite is, of what it is made, and the uses to which it is put. To the French belongs the honor of its discovery and its first practical use.

Nitro-glycerine is the force of all high explosives. Dynamite is the name most usually given to these explosives, though other names are sometimes used.

Dynamite is simply nitro-glycerine mixed with various ingredients. Nitro-glycerine is made by mixing sulphuric and nitric acid with sweet glycerine, the same that is used by the ladies to prevent chapped hands. Mixing the acids and glycerine is where the great danger lies in the making of nitro-glycerine. The mixing tank, or agitator as it is called by dynamite makers, is a large steel tank, filled inside with many coils of lead pipe, through which, while the mixing is in progress, a constant flow of ice water is maintained. This flow of ice water is used to keep the temperature of the mix below 85 degrees, as above that point it would explode, and a hole in the ground would mark where the factory had been. The nitro-glycerine is stored in large earthenware tanks, which are usually sunk in the ground to guard against blows or severe concussion.

The other ingredients for making dynamite are: Nitrate of soda, which is found only in Chili, carbonate of magnesia, and wood pulp.

Dynamite is put in paper shells usually 1¼ inches in diameter and 8 inches in length, and weighs about ½ pound to each shell or cartridge. It has largely taken the place of black powder for blasting, as it is many hundreds of times stronger and consequently more economical. It is used chiefly in mining all kinds of ores, coal and rock, and submarine blasting and railroad building. Without its aid many railroads, especially those crossing the Rocky Mountains, could not have been constructed; without it Hell Gate in New York harbor could not have been destroyed, and without it the miner, at prices now paid for mining ores, could not earn his bread.

Dynamite will not explode from any ordinary fall or jar; it will burn without explosion, and freezes at 42 degrees, 10 degrees above ordinary freezing point. The bomb of the anarchist is made of metal or glass and filled with pure nitro-glycerine arranged so as to explode by severe contact with any hard object. These bombs are, of course, never made by a reputable dynamite factory.

Five or six millions of dollars are invested in the manufacture of dynamite in the United States, and its use is constantly on the increase. The fumes of nitro-glycerine produce intense headache, which can be cured by taking a very small dose of it internally.—[Detroit Free Press.

Hints for Boys.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves before him. Out of the whole number he selected one, and dismissed the rest. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy without a single recommendation?" "You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he has a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful; gave up his seat to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful; he took off his cap when he came in, answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly; he picked up a book, which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing or crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet like that handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket. Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters of recommendation he can give me."—[Scientific American.

Now It is the Fox.

Not long ago, in hope of mitigating the intolerable pest of rabbits, the authority of Australia imported some foxes from England and turned them loose. From latest accounts these seem likely to prove a greater pest than the one they were intended to destroy. An Australian journal says that foxes have already spread over a wide area, and are most destructive to lambs and poultry. They attain greater size and strength in Australia than in England, and the mild climate is highly favorable to the increase of their numbers. "It must be very disheartening," says the writer, "to all who have stock of any kind to lose, to find themselves confronted by some new enemy introduced by thoughtless or selfish persons. If some energetic steps are not soon taken, nothing can prevent the spread of foxes over the whole continent."—[New Orleans Picayune.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS.—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms, $2.00 per year.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—20 cents per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Other rates made made known on application.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. JULY 21.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce that Aaron Williams, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Congress, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that Samuel Decker, of Walker township, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that C. A. Faulkner, of Philipsburg Borough, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

PROTHONOTARY.

We are authorized to announce that David R. Foreman, of Potter township, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that W. F. Smith, of Penn township, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that Charles R. Kurtz, of Centre Hall borough, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that M. I. Gardiner, of Bellefonte, formerly of Howard, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

ASSEMBLY.

We are authorized to announce that James Schofield, of Bellefonte Borough, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that Dr. Philip S. Fisher, of Zion, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that John T. McCormick, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for Legislature, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

We are authorized to announce that William J. Singer, of Bellefonte Borough, is a candidate for District Attorney, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that John M. Keichline, of Bellefonte Borough, is a candidate for District Attorney, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers is one of the strongest trades unions in the United States. At one time it rivalled the International Typographical Union in its compactness and record of unbroken success. As President Weihe testified before the Congressional Investigating Committee last week, its membership is over 25,000. These men are of the highest class of skilled mechanics. Their individual wages run from $65 $275 a month. They are the heaters, rollers, screwmen, shearmen, tablemen, leader and others on whom it depends whether the tons of metal from the furnace shall be converted into the marketable product—beams, billets, blooms, plates or what not, or whether the mass shall turn out unmarketable and unfit for any further use until remelted and reforged. The "tonnage men," like those in the Homestead Mills, are paid in proportion to the amount of finished work they turn out in a "turn" that is a shift of eight hours during the twenty-four. Every employee in a mill therefore is dependent upon the Amalgamated men. If they are not skilled a day's work may come to naught and a days pay may be greatly reduced. There were 4,600 men in Andrew Carnegie's steel plant at Homestead. Only 1,000 were members of the Amalgamated Association, and it has been said by H. C. Frick that the wages of only 256 of these are affected by the reduced scale which he offered and which the Association refused to accept,

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Both sides admit that there is no immediate prospect of a settlement of the strike and already the cost is considerably more than $1,000,000. Every day that the works are idle costs Carnegie company $50,000. It is nineteen days since the workmen went out and the wheels stopped moving. That means a loss of $950,000 to the company. The militia have been under arms one week, and at $20,000 a day have cost the State of Pennsylvania $140,000. The cost to the company and to the State now foots up $1,000,000, and is piling up at the rate of $70,000 a day.

In addition to all this, the workmen lose their wages and twelve men have have lost their lives. The destruction of property has not been great, as the barges burned were inexpensive.

It Should Be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cooksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free Trial Bottle at J. D. Murray's Drug Store. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00.

——A full line of latest styles in gents furnishing goods has been received at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte. A bargain in every purchase made.

Subscribe for the REPORTER.

AT HOMESTEAD.

CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE AND RECENT DEVELOPMENTS.

History of the Homestead Trouble. Facts of the Case.

The rate of wages at Homestead depended upon the price of pig steel—a very good equitable basis upon which to place it. On a rising market there was no limit to the increase of wages, but on a falling market the minimum limit was $25 per billet of a specified size. Wages were not to be reduced, however much the market price of steel fell below the minimum limit. This was certainly to the advantage of the workmen. Their wages could not go below a certain limit, no difference how low steel would go or how much the manufacturers might lose. During the past six months improved machinery has been introduced into the Carnegie mills, so that the steel workers were enabled to turn out the product much more rapidly, and, being paid by the piece, their wages were increased in the aggregate. For instance, a "heater" who earned $6.37 daily when steel sold at $26.50 per billet could earn $7.68 per day with the new machines, and on a $23 basis he could earn $6.67 per day. Other workmen would be paid in similar proportion under the conditions named. Accordingly, on June 30th, when the annual signing of the wages schedule took place, the company proposed to reduce the minimum basis from $25 to $23. This would have affected 280 men, and taking the difference in machinery into account, would have made a deduction of 30 cents a day on the wages of the "heater," 22 cents a day to the first "helper" and 19 cents a day to the second "helper," as compared with the rates of wages a year ago, when the last schedule was signed. Going through the list of 32 employments the average decrease in wages would have been $1 a week on the average to each man. And it was for this that ten men have been killed, the payment of wages stopped and wonuds made which can never be healed.

Strikers Arrested for Murder.

Secretary F. T. F. Lovejoy, of the Carnegie steel company informations against seven of the Homestead strikers, whose arrest on the charge of murder has been threatened for several days. They were made against, Hugh O'Donnell, the leader of the strikers; John McLuckie, burgess of Homestead Sylvester Critchlow, Anthony Flaherty, Samuel Burkett, James Flannagan and Hugh Ross, who are collectively charged with the murder of J. C. Conners and Sylas Wayne, on the morning of July 6, during the riots.

Conners was a Pinkerton man thirty years of age and lived at 80 Bond street, New York. He was struck on the back of the head with a dynamite bomb and had his right arm crushed.

Wayne was a young single workman who lived with his parents in Homestead. He had his head shot off with a cannon ball fired from the opposite side of the river while standing with his brother in the steel yard.

A rumor was at once started that counter information is to be made against H. C. Frick, Secretary Lovejoy and Manager Potter, and the general impression is that this is only the beginning of the legal struggle at Homestead.

A Striker Speaks.

The strikers good-humoredly discuss the situation, one of them, James G. Boyce, said: "Until Mr. Carnegie secures two or three additional amendments to the constitution, our right to keep and bear arms will not be infringed. We are not children in Homestead. We know our rights and we will maintain them. There are men here prepared to lay down their lives in defense of what is, or they think right, and surely we have the right to drive away an illegal force of hired assassins, brought here for the sole purpose of intimidating us. When the militia came we were prepared to give them a hearty welcome, and General Snowden saw fit to refuse contemptuously our advances. Well, we can get along with the troops or without them. We are Americans who are not so fond of life that we will not stack it up and call anybody, we care not who, that attempts oppression.

"The people outside do not understand this Homestead position. Most of the men expecting continuous employment here have put their savings into homes which will be lost if we are to be driven away from this town. The Carnegie mills were built up by us, the great profits of the concern were made by us. Our labor was expended for Scotch castles and library advertising. We do not say that Carnegie, Phipps & Co., do not own the mill property, but we do say that we HAVE SOME RIGHTS IN IT ourselves. We have been constantly led to believe that the Amalgamated association will be permitted to control and direct our interests. We have bought Mr. Carnegie's land on that theory and we are now in such a position that we must lose all that we have or win this fight. I think we will win it."

Every shade of Chiffon Lace from 30 cts. up. LYON & Co.

WHY SO RETICENT?

Considering that the Carnegie combination has been for twenty years or more the suppliant of congress for protective taxes to shut out the importation of competing products, and have secured them to an extent that induced Mr. Carnegie to boast to the late Wm. L. Scott that in the steel rail boom of some years ago he was making $5,000 a day out of his interest in the Braddock works, or at the rate of $1,500,000 a year, was it an intrusive or improper question that Colonel Oates, Democrat, or Judge Taylor, Republican, put to Mr. Frick, the chairman of the Carnegie company, what was the cost of production of the articles the government lays these protective taxes on? In equity and right congress should have this information. It is besieged by Harrison, Carnegie and the whole Republican party to retain these duties. It is not like a private business conducted without government bounties.

But Mr. Frick could not see it in this light, and he refused Colonel Oates and Judge Taylor the information they sought. Here is the report:

Mr. OATES—Not counting anything by way of interest on investment, what is the cost of production?

"I don't think that is a fair question. I don't think you should ask that."

Mr. TAYLOR—Would you object to tell the cost of a ton of steel, including everything?

"Yes, sir; I would have the same objection."

Mr. BOATNER—You don't propose to give away any of the secrets of the trade?

"No, sir; not yet."

Mr. OATES—Will you state the labor cost alone?

"That would be equivalent to stating the whole cost."

When Mr. Weihe was asked the labor cost on a ton of steel product he promptly answered to the best of his knowledge about $1.55. Of course this does not cover the cost of prior labor processes, which would probably increase the labor cost from ore to the finished product to $4 a ton. The duty Mr. Carnegie enjoys is $18 a ton. No wonder Frick refused to answer the questions.

What the End.

What the end of the Carnegie strike is going to be time only will tell. The workmen of many other mills have struck in sympathy with the Homestead mills. The workmen declare they will not return to work unless the Carnegies recognize their association and refuse to employ non-union men.

The mill owners are as determined not to yield and say they can get non-union men enough to run their mills if the strikers do not come back.

Somebody is going to suffer from this state of affairs. The Carnegies being worth millions can stand it; the workmen, some with mortgages on their homes certainly cannot hold out any great length of time unless they find employment elsewhere, or in some other pursuit. Our sympathies go with the working men.

The lockout has already meant to the wage earners of that little town alone a cash loss of over $80,000, and should the entire Carnegie plant be shut down it would mean the suspension of a pay roll averaging $10,800 a day.

NON-UNION WORKMEN.

Homestead is filled up with detectives in the employ of the Carnegie company. Their mission seems to be to watch the movements of the leaders and to dring an influence to bear on the men composing the rank and file of the locked out laborers and mechanics. The town is filling up with non-union workmen. To deny this would be to deny the truth.

Every train brings unprincipled fellows into the place. The majority came for no other purpose than to "work" the strikers for a five or a ten dollar bill, and free tickets to eastern points. Homestead is certainly becoming the mecca for tramps, who represent themselves as non-union workmen, but are willing to get out of town again if the strikers will give them a little cash and free railroad tickets.

But there is another class drifting in here. There are being sent in by the Carnegie steel campany. Two strangers caught up on Eight avenue to admitted that they had signed agreements to go to work in the mill. They left town.

A gentleman who arrived from Pittsburg said: "The train I came up on brought a lot of non-union men to Homestead. They were in charge of a Carnegie agent, who supplied them with tickets. Just before reaching Homestead this agent told the men to separate just as soon as they left the train, but to meet him this afternoon at a place agreed upon. In the party were several colored men."

Waiting On the Wrath to Come.

An editor once wrote a dance puff saying: "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for fairy boots," but the blundering compositor made it read. "Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for ferry boats." And now that editor is hiding from public view.

JUST IN.

.: NEW LOT :.

—OF—

MEN'S ALL WOOL SUITS

—AT—

$10.00.

FAUBLE'S.

BELLEFONTE, - - - - PA.

"ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE."

In order to introduce our ELEGANT and ARTISTIC CRAYON PORTRAITS to yourself and your friends, we make you the following bona-fide offer, viz: If you will send us a photograph of yourself, or any member of your family, we will make from it one of our finest three-quarter life size

CRAYON PORTRAITS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.

our name and reputation as Artists are already well known throughout the United States but we desire to increase our customers; hence this special offer. We believe that one of our Elegant Portraits placed in your home will do more good than other advertising. Send the photograph you desire copied to us inside of THIRTY DAYS DATE. The Portrait we will make for you will be a sample, and its value $25.00. It will be as fine as can be made. Be sure and write your full name and address on the back of the photograph when you send it, as we will secure for you its safety. We guarantee its return, so have no fear of losing it. As to our responsibility, etc., we can refer you to the following parties in our city: Commercial Bank, Brooklyn; Wells, Fargo & Co's Express Company, American Express Co., United States Express Co., and R. G. Dunn & Co., New York and all commercial agencies. Hoping to receive your kind favors, we are, respectfully,

CODY & CO., 753 and 755 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTICE.—Cut this out and return it to us with the Photograph you desire copied.

AGENTS We want one in every town to handle the DEALERS

JACK FROST FREEZER.



A Scientific Machine made on a Scientific principle. Save their cost a dozen times a year It is not mussy or sloppy. A child can operate sells at sight. Send for prices and discounts.

29 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

Makes Ice Cream in 30 Seconds.

The steamer Cattershun, which has arrived at Sydney, N. S. W., reports that when she touched at the island of Timer, there was a rumor current that the island of Sanguis in the Malay archipelago had been destroyed by a volcanic eruption, and that the whole population comprising 12,000 souls had perished. The steamer sailed for miles through masses of volcanic debris.

A Snake In a Beer Keg.

Seven Hungarians were seriously poisoned at Gown on Sunday by drinking beer from a keg in which a dead rattler was found. It was at first thought the men would die, but they are now out of danger. It is supposed that the snake crawled into the keg while it was laying empty some where in the woods, being thrown there by the people who were enjoying its contents. When the empty keg collector came along he placed it on his wagon and sent it to the brewery to be refilled, after which it was again disposed of. To prove this theory the keg was broken open and when to the horror of the spectators a big dead rattler was discovered. The cause of the men's sickness was then ascertained.

The Homestead steel works strike indirectly caused the suspension of the Baddock works plant at Rankin station, and some 600 more men are out of work.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE—LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of Sophia Hosterman, dec'd., late of Potter twp., having been granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

ALFRED HOSTERMAN, Executor,
14july6t Centre Hill.

Mr. Van Pelt, Editor of the Craig, Mo., *Meteor*, went to a drug store at Hillsdale, Iowa, and asked the physician in attendance to give him a dose of something for cholera morbus and looseness of the bowels. He says: 'I felt so much better the next morning that I concluded to call on the physician and get him to fix me up a supply of the medicine. I was surprised when he handed me a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. He said he prescribed it regularly in his practice and found it the best he could get or prepare. I can testify to its efficiency in my case at all events." For sale by J. D. Murray, Druggist.

Worthy a Trial.

Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and the back of the head.

What One Potato Will Do.

If there were but one potato in the world a careful cultivation might produce 10,000,000,000 from it in ten years, and that would supply the world with seed again.

Centre Hall

- Mills -

All grades of Roller flour constantly on hand, at wholesale to dealers and at retail.

All grades of Chop.

Granulated Corn Meal of the finest grades.

Bran, fine and coarse.

Coal, always on hand, Hard, Soft and Woodland, all sizes.

All kinds of grain wanted and cash paid for same at highest market prices.

Terms, for Flour, Feed and Coal, strictly cash.

KURTZ & SON.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE

LOCATED IN ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND HEALTHFUL SPOTS IN THE ALLEGHENY REGION; UNDENOMINATIONAL; OPEN TO BOTH SEXES; TUITION FREE; BOARD AND OTHER EXPENSES VERY LOW NEW BUILDINS AND EQUIPMENT

LEADING DEPARTMENTS OF STUDY.

1. AGRICULTURE (*Three Courses.*) and AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY; with constant illustrations on the Farm and in the Laboratory.
2. BOTANY and HORTICULTURE; theoretical and practical. Students taught original study with the microscope.
3. CHEMISTRY; with an unusually full and thorough course in the Laboratory.
4. {CIVIL ENGINEERING, / ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING; / MECHINICAL ENGINEERING;} Three courses are accompanied with very extensive practical exercises in the Field the Shop, and the Laboratory.
5. HISTORY; Ancient and Modern, with original investigation.
6. INDUSTRIAL ART AND DESIGN.
7. LADIES' COURSE IN LITERATURE and SCIENCE; Two years. Ample facilities for Music, vocal and instrumental.
8. LANGUAGE and LITERATURE; Latin (optional,) French, German and English (required,) one or more continued through the entire course
9. MATHEMATICS and ASTRONOMY; pure and applied.
10. MECHANIC ARTS; combining shop work with study, three years' course; New building and equipment.
11. MENTAL, MORAL and POLITICAL SCIENCE; Constitutional Law and History Political Economy, etc.
12. MILITARY SCIENCE; instruction theoretical and practical, including each arm of the service.
13. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT; Two years—carefully graded and thorough.

Fall term opens Sept. 14, 1892. Examinations for admission, June 16, and Sept. 13. Commencement week June 12-15, 1892. For Catalogue or other information, address

GEO. W. ATHERTON, LL.D., Prest.,
State College, Centre Co., Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Sarah Tressler, dec'd., of Harris township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them in duly authenticated for settlement.

J. J. TRESSLER, Oak Hall.
JOHN DAUBERMAN, Centre Hall.
June23-6t Administrators.

BARK WANTED.—THE UNDERSIGNED will pay market price in cash for Rock Oak, or Hemlock bark at their tannery, or on cars, at points of shipping. Please call on or address them at their office.

LEAS, McVITTY & GREENE,
Lewistown, Pa.
apr14-8t.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

Brief Fum Hausa Barrick.

From the Middleburg Post.

LIEVER KERNAL HARDER.

Ich fin olla dawg mæ norra ous, un won ich ols mane ich het se oll don coomed ols widder aner tsu lawfa os we en farlora shofe. Der ledsht os ich ow ga-druffa hob is der norr os olsfardt bruffatzeid os de weldt unnergæ daid, un hinnich eme shtaid der norr woo maned be United Shtates kent usht nuch a pawr dawg shtæ bis offe stzoom dikenker gaid. Sell sin de norra woo net feel drum gevva eb unser govverment shtaid odder net, usht so long os se g'nunk tzu fressa hen un breicha net shoffa. Yader shtettle hut so en case. Mere hen aner om Hawsa Barrick un mere daida ene garn farhondla uff en gooder hawsa hooned.

En onery sort norra sin de woo mana es wara gor ken goode mensha in der Karrich. Se mana os won en mon amohl grishdadoom bakent don wares amohl grawed en bakentniss os are en deeb un en b'shisser is. Se denka net draw os en *gooder grisht* der besht mensch in der weldt is. Of course es mawg net feel goode grishta hovva—so sawga se anyhow—awer es hut aw net feel diamonds, un duch doot boll yader rutz-naws en shtæ uff sime hem wara so grose os en hosselniss un maned de leit daida denka es ware en diamond. De fact is, Kernel, we rawrer os ebbes is de mæ counterfeiter os es hut. Es doot neemond broveera en sond-shtæ counterfeita—es hut blendy fum genuine shtuft do om barrick. Won se so rawr wara os diamonds don daida de leit oll de rhoda shtæe uff soocha un sawga se wara genuine sond-shtæ diamonds. Der good grisht hut feel imitators, un sell is was mich glawva maucht os es genuine shtuft ordlich rawr is. In der karrich is en schlechter blotz far der difference ousfinna. Won do ene kenna wid don gæ in de nuchbershoft woo are wooned un froke eme noach. Won are fowly goombera farkawfed tsu awrama leit on tswa brisa, farhoongert si arns-leit un maucht si knecht ochtzæ shtoond der dawg shoffa on sivva dawler der moonet don hut si grishdadoom en dinny shawl. Weis enere en gooder grisht un ich wise dere en gooder nuchber. En hymn-booch in ma mon sinera hond Soondawg morgets doot eme uft mohls feel goods farkawfa dorrich de woch—un der foll is tsu uft os en dri-fardle-dawler beevil mæ adfertisa boot os en gonser column in dinera bully United Shtates gooda tzeidung.

Ich hob knecht g'shoft by ma mon os so hilich wore os are Old Hondret en gonser Soondawg dorrich de naws g'soonga hut un Moondawgs hut are mich ous ma moonet's lœ b'shissa. Ich hob amohl en mon gakent os ma nuchber en bresent g'mauched but funera beevil—sex wocha dernoach hut are ene ous ma gowl b'shissa. Un so hut der good grisht feel noachmocher, awer mer brouch net feel sols mit eena shlecka bis mer se ous-findt. In ame wake sin so karls raskals un im onera wake sin se usht comony narra wile se mana se kenta da leit de awga tsu schmera mit so heichleri.

Es hut nuch feel onery narra un oonich ena fin ich der mon os gabora is mit ma argament im mowl Do konsht fun nix schwetza os se net olles derfun wissa un duch kenna se de helft tzeit net læsa. Woo see so feel g'larndt hen os se wissa is en wooner. Se farshtæna olles fun bolidix, wissa der tarriff ousawennich, un kenna es fundament fun unseram goverment ousanonner drenna os we en oldter schtroomp. Der gresht honor os se draw denka kenna is won se shpoteyohrs on de poles gæ kenna un nemond challenged era vote. De karls kenna oll de gile im county, un won en gooder gowl tswonsich mile aweek farkawfed wardt don wissa se eb are en gnub om hinera bæ but udder net. Se kenna oll de gooda rockgoona hond os si læva g'læbed hen—un duch sin se tsu fowl tsu hoonda. In fact se wissa olles except os es hinner endt fun ere hussa de tzie blicked.

Un now will ichs an pinklich, awgashinelich farshtonna hovva os neemond des uff der onner sheebed awer nembts oll gaduldich hame tsu sich selver.

Ols Widdler,
BOONASTEIL.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts., and $1.00 per bottle at J. D. Murray's Drugstore.

A carpenter by the name of M. S. Powers fell from the roof of a house in East Des Moines, Iowa, and sustained a painful and serious sprain of the wrist, which he cured with one bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says it is worth $5 a bottle. It cost him 50 cents. For sale by J. D. Murray, Druggist.

——Subscribe for the REPORTER.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's Twelve-day Excursions to the Shore.

The success of the first Pennsylvania Railroad Seashore tour, indicates a large party on the others leaving July 21st, August 4th and 18th.

The tickets include the choicest points on the coast and are available for Cape May, Atlantic City, Sea Isle City, or Ocean City at the same rate.

The excursion tickets, good for twelve days, are to be sold at rate of $10.00 from Pittsburg, and at correspondingly low rates from other stations.

A special train of Parlor Cars and Day Coaches will leave Pittsburg at 8.50 A. M. for Philadelphia, stopping at all important junction points, where connections will be made with trains from branch lines. Passengers will spend the night in Philadelphia and proceed to the seashore by regular trains of the next day.

Tickets will be sold from stations named below, and schedule will be as follows:—

	Rate.	Train leaves.	
West Brownsville	$10 00	6.10	A. M.
Monongahela City	10 00	7.02	"
Pittsburg	10 00	8.40	"
East Liberty	10 00	9.00	"
Braddock	10 00	9.16	"
Irwin	10 00	9.30	"
Uniontown	10 00	6.58	"
Connellsville	10 00	7.32	"
Mt. Pleasant	10 00	7.10	"
Scottdale	10 00	7.54	"
Alverton	10 00	8.02	"
Greensburg	10 00	9.52	"
Indiana	10 00	9.10	"
Butler	10 00	6.15	"
Paulton	10 00	8.24	"
Latrobe	10 00	10.05	"
Blairsville	10 00	9.50	"
Johnstown	9 25	11 03	"
Cresson	8 50	11.52	"
Altoona	8 00	12.55	P. M.
Hollidaysburg	8 00	11 10	A. M.
Bellwood	8 00	1.06	P. M.
Clearfield	8 90	9.40	A. M.
Phillipsburg	8 35	10.32	"
Osceola	8 25	10.45	"
Bellefonte	8 65	10.25	"
Tyrone	7 65	1.18	P. M.
Cumberland	8 50	8.15	A. M.
Bedford	8 60	8.15	A. M.
Huntingdon	7 10	1.48	P. M.
Mt Union	6 75	2.08	"
McVeytown	6 50	2 28	"
Lewistown Junction	6 00	2.45	"
Mifflin	5 65	3.05	"
Newport	5 00	3 36	"
Duncannon	4 60	3.53	"
Philadelphia	Ar	7.16	"

Tickets will be sold from East Liberty, Irwin, Uniontown, Connellsville, Scottdale, Alverton, Greensburg, and Johnstown for regular trains leaving Pittsburg 4.30 and 8.10 P. M., with Pullman Sleeping Cars attached, arriving in Philadelphia next morning, whence passengers will proceed to the shore by any regular train of that day.

Application for information and tickets should be made to nearest ticket agents or T. E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western District, Pittsburg, Pa.

COBURN.

Interesting Items from Coburn and Vicinity as Given by our Correspondent.

On Monday evening Miss Nora Kling received a slight attack of parlysis, but is now improving.

Mrs. Rishell, wife of mine host W. W. Rishell has gone to Newport, R. I. to take a plunge in the briny deep. She will be gone about ten days.

John A. Gray and family spent Sunday with his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Zettle, who live at Georges Valley.

On Saturday there will be a caucus meeting held at this place by the Democrats to elect delegates to the district Congressional delegate election.

On Saturday evening while on his way to Coburn Samuel Reiter saw a large bear in the woods a short distance above Samuel Wilson's house.

On the 27th inst. Mr. Russell, agent for the Westinghouse Co., of Schenectady, N. Y., manufacturers of steam threshers, etc., will give their machine a trial at the barn of S. M. Ulrich, and has invited many of the farmers to be present.

Drs. Frank and Musser performed a very delicate operation upon Joseph Reiter last week. Last winter while Mr. Reiter was breaking stone with a hammer a piece of stone lodged in one of his eyes in such a manner that it could not be taken out, he however did not give it much thought at the time. But his eye grew worse, and it became so bad that it impaired the sight of his other eye. Then the doctors concluded to remove the afflicted eye, and accordingly did so last Thursday. He is now getting along as nicely as can be expected.

The July number of the New York Musical Monthly is out and contains many new and pleasing pieces. It contains 32 full-sized pages of sheet music and the music is selected from the best authors, and includes the most popular music. The price is 15cts a copy or $1.50 a year. The number to hand contains: "I've Broken a Heart to-day," Skelly; "Song For Me" "Walter's Prize Song (from Meistersinger); "Unless" Caracciolo; Hambo polka; Floating on the waves, Rosas; Anna Yorke, Smythe; Oneonta Military Schottische, Fisher.

Cholera infantum has lost its terrors since the introduction of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. When that remedy is used and the treatment as directed with each bottle is followed, a cure is certain. Mr. A. W. Walters, a prominent merchant at Waltersburg, Ill., says: "It cured my baby boy of cholera infantum after several other remedies had failed. The child was so low that he seemed almost beyond the aid of human hands or reach of any medicine." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by J. D. Murray Druggist.

——Subscribe for the REPORTER.

We Can't do it

but are willing to pay for learning how to make as good an article as WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING of **cheap** material so that a retailer can profitably sell it at 10c.

Our price is 20c.

The retailer says the public will not pay it. We say the public will, because they will always pay a fair price for a good article. To show both the trade and the public that we want to give them the best for the least money, we will pay

$10,000.00 Reward

For above information; this offer is open until January 1st, 1893.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

Pik-Ron is the name of a paint which does work that no other paint *can* do. *New wood* painted with it looks like the natural wood when it is stained and varnished.

PAINTERS AND BUILDERS

will find it profitable to investigate. All paint stores sell it.



A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebrity, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

HUMPHREYS'

DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named.

These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the **sovereign remedies of the World.**

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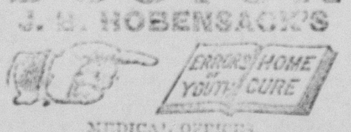
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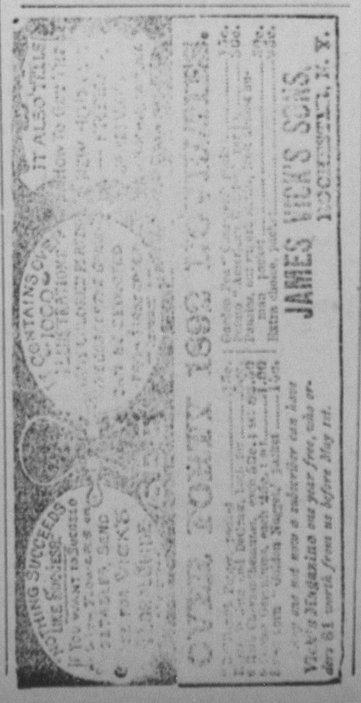
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Time Table, in effect May 22, 1892

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD

9.23 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday. For Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.00 p. m., New York, 5.50 p. m., Baltimore, 3.20 p. m., Washington, 4.30 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Parlor cars to Philadelphia.

1.35 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m., New York, 9.35 p. m., Baltimore, 6.45 p. m., Washington at 8.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.00 p. m.—Train 12. [Daily except Sunday.] For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 10.55 p. m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m. Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia.

8.02 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 a. m., New York at 7.10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving a Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m., New York, 9.30 a. m Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.35, a m Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.36 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1.56 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday. For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.54 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.23 p. m.—Train 21. (Daily) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.40 a m, Harrisburg 8.10 a m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7.25 a. m. (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10.17 a m

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 8.10 a m, Baltimore 9.00 a m, Wilkesbarre 10.15 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 1.56 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.00 a m, Phila., 11.40 a m; Washington at 10.50 a m, Baltimore at 11.45 a m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon at 5.54 p m, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 21 leaves New York 2.10 p m, Philadelphia 4.25 p m, Washington 3.25 p m, Baltimore 4.30 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon 9.23 p m. Through Parlor Car from Philadelphia week days.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad. 11.20 p m, Washington 10.00 p m, Baltimore, 11.20 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.36 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila. Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.				Eastward.			
P M	P M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P M.	P M	
2 05		5 50	Montandon	9 20		4 55	
2 20		6 20	Lewisburg	9 10		4 45	
2 30		6 30	Biehl	9 00		4 37	
2 37		6 35	Vicksburg	8 53		4 32	
2 47		6 45	Mifflinburg	8 43		4 22	
3 03		7 00	Millmont	8 27		4 09	
3 13		7 08	Glen Iron	8 17		4 02	
3 47		7 43	Paddy Mountain	7 43		3 30	
3 58	7 25	7 53	Coburn	7 32	7 10	3 18	
4 06	7 32	8 01	Zerby	7 24	7 02	3 10	
4 15	7 50	8 10	Rising Spring	7 16	6 54	3 02	
4 23	7 58	8 18	Penn Cave	7 10	6 48	2 54	
4 28	8 03	8 24	Centre Hall	7 03	6 42	2 47	
4 34	8 09	8 32	Gregg	6 57	6 36	2 40	
4 40	8 16	8 37	Linden Hall	6 50	6 30	2 32	
4 45	8 20	8 42	Oak Hall	6 45	6 28	2 27	
4 49	8 24	8 46	Lemont	6 41	6 22	2 23	
4 53	8 28	8 51	Dale Summit	6 37	6 17	2 18	
5 02	8 37	9 00	Pleasant Gap	6 28	6 09	2 08	
5 05	8 40	9 04	Axemann	6 25	6 06	2 04	
5 10	8 45	9 10	Bellefonte	6 20	6 00	2 00	

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 1.20, 5.35 and 7.45 p m, turning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.35 a m, 10 25 a m. 5 05 p m, 6.00 p m, and 8 05 p m

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FOR THE LADIES.

THE CHILDREN'S HEAD GEAR.

Hats for children show many pretty styles this season in the universal combination of color, such as dark blue and brown, red and yellow or blue and black. These are mostly for school or every-day hats, the fancy lace straws being made up with soft silk crowns for dress occasions. For the little tots there are shirred bonnets with capes, and a full rushing of lace under the brim. Large hats trimmed with roses or small field flowers are also worn. The shapes of the new pointed crown hats are much liked by the children.—[New York Recorder.

NO ELECTION.

A good-looking, well-to-do and popular young bachelor of Silverton was being teased by the young ladies of a club for not getting married. He said: "I'll marry the girl of your club whom, on a secret vote, you elect to be my wife." There were nine members of the club. Each girl went into a corner and used great caution in preparing her ballot, and disguised the handwriting. The result of the vote was that there were nine votes cast, each girl receiving one. The young man remains a bachelor, the club is broken up and the girls are all mortal enemies, united in the one determination that they will never speak to that nasty man again.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

A gang of drunken lumbermen boarded a train in Wisconsin recently, and proceeded to take it. They cowed the crew, bullied the passengers, and did everything they could to provoke a fight. Finally they invaded the ladies' coach, whooped, yelled and smashed the hats of male passengers down over their eyes. A demure little woman sat in the seat with her husband, and when his derby was smashed she rose up and whacked the smasher over the head with a big hickory cane. The blow sounded like the pop of a pistol, and the bully went sprawling over a seat. Then how she did belabor him! One of his companions attempted to come to his rescue, and was laid out in the aisle. Then she chased the rest of the gang back into the smoker and dared them to leave it. And they didn't.—[New Orleans Picayune.

SUMMER GOWNS.

Among new imported dresses for summer not a few have the bodice cut to show a portion of the throat in the afternoon costumes, which can properly be worn in the street. A band of gimp supplies the place of the collar, this band lying partly upon the corsage, and not standing upright in the usual military fashion. Some of the tailor-made gowns have a medium high collar at the back, but are cut quite open to show the throat. The long tulle of ribbon streamers worn on hats and bonnets are intended to drape the neck lightly and mitigate a little of this display of the throat. The fashion is not a suitable one for the street, on matter how white or how graceful the throat may be. Such dainty dressing is for reception parlors and the home circle, and those most likely to adopt the open style are those who would better adhere to the still very fashionable collars a la Medici, Directoire, Vandyke, or even to the severe and uncompromising policeman's collar.—[St. Louis Republic.

THE SLEEVELESS ETON JACKET.

The Eton jacket is the feature, par excellence, of the summer gowns. It is made in cloth, velvet or lace. The difficulty of drawing the toterably tight Eton sleeve over the high, full sleeve of a blouse has been met by the introduction of the sleeveless Eton jacket. This novel and stylish jacket makes a pretty finish for the silk and cotton blouse, and gives a touch of color or a contrast of tone which is very desirable. The jacket that may be taken as a type is of dark-green velvet and is worn over a white silk blouse with embroidered front in pale-green tints. The jacket can be easily made by the home dressmaker, Beware of the point in the back, as it is very unbecoming to most figures. It is better to finish the jacket with short coat-tails or habit back.—[Once a Week.

MILLINERY A FINE ART.

Millinery has become almost a fine art. Straw is plaited into lace trimmings which would almost convince an expert that they are real, while flowers rival Nature herself in delicacy of coloring. A spray of roses fastened upon a rustic straw hat with a scarf of pale-green chiffon is most fascinating, and one is completely enraptured with a bunch of mauve orchids on a bonnet of straw interwoven with the palest shades of green, pink, yellow, and mauve, tied with pale-yellow strings. An extremely pretty and novel hat has no flowers, and a crown of Panama, with a brim which turns up slightly all around. This is lined with black straw, and draped with white lace appliqued with black swallows. The crown is tied around with magenta velvet ribbons, with two erect plumes of the same color at the left side. A daring combination, and an artistic one, is a hat of pale-green straw, which is lined with geranium-pink velvet and trimmed with pale mauve lilac.—[Frank Leslie's Weekly.

TEACHING MILLINERY.

Teaching millinery is a thriving business. The demand for milliners to go from house to house and work by the day or hour at rates which economical folks can afford to pay is at present greater than the supply. Several millinery schools run by modistes who originally learned their trade abroad have sprung up, and have large numbers of pupils. The girls who learn the trade are from eighteen to twenty-five years of age. They give three months or thereabouts to diligent practice under training. Some of them fail entirely, for only a girl with a good touch of the artist in her can be a milliner. Many, however, succeed. When they are equipped they find circles of employers waiting for them, and they go from house to house like the peripatetic dressmaker, doing up the family millinery by the day. It is an immense saving when the results are satisfactory, for they clear $2 to $4 for time in which to concoct four or five $30 or $50 creations, and some of the more clever are establishing very well-paying lines of patronage. The house-to-house milliner is an institution; she has come to stay.—[New York Advertiser.

FASHION NOTES.

Pearls and diamonds are more fashionthan any other combination in jewelry.

A beautiful dress of brown bengaline and rose pink brocade is a recent order.

A hat of black lace, with large bunches of black-eyed Susans, is pretty and stylish.

Imported yokes of heavy lace show embroidery wrought with beads and jewels of various sorts.

Importers say that there were never as many ribbons used, in the history of the manufacture, as at present.

A handsome wrap is made in Russian circular fashion. The outside is of rich lace with lining of black moire.

Parasols, not satisfied with being overloaded with outside ruffles, have inside ruchings following each of the ribs.

One might readily question whether real, genuine marguerites ever grew in as many colors as the fashionable milliners have made them in.

Russia-leather gloves are a new and popular fancy. The odor is much liked. This comes from the use of hemlock in the tanning processes.

A seaside or country hat is of shirred lace, and has a full edging around the brim. The trimming is of ribbon loops and aigrettes of grasses or palms.

Gray and chocolate colored undressed kid Newport ties, with stockings, gloves and parasol of the same tint, will form a ladylike accompaniment to many summer toilets.

Some hats that appear slightly artificial and strained as to effect are trimmed with voilets, which are tied up in little nosegays and sewed at intervals around the brim.

Dressing gowns are almost as pretty as tea gowns. One made of pink wool stuff has white lace about the neck, a hood frilled with lace and a girdle of white silk cord.

Victoria silk is a new, soft variety, not unlike Sicilienne, and is much used for evening wraps. In cream white tints it is also the latest Parisian elegance for evening dresses.

The silk petticoat for full dress should be cut with the bias seam in the back, the same as the dress, and trimmed with one deep flounce, with narrow Russian lace on either edge.

Ladies are beginning to wear much jewelry in the street again, in the form of elaborate and conspicuous bonnet pins, vail pins, clasps, and a great variety of pins on the bodice.

The newest back combs with metal tops have the centers of latticework like the intercurving of twisted ropes with olivines, topazes and more precious stones set in the crossings.

Gold embroideries are more popular than ever before. Entire waists and sleeves are covered with them, and a corselet with heavy fringe of gold beads is a part of this same garniture.

Among the handsomest of the hosiery importations are combinations of heliotrope and black. These are in what are called boot styles, the feet being black and the tops in delicate heliotrope.

A novel summer cloak to wear over a silk dress is made entirely of black lace, with large bishop sleeves and a ruffle of lace at the neck. It falls in loose folds, has no lining and reaches to the feet.

Red is to be extensively used in millinery, not only the deeper tints, but a brilliant scarlet. Gilt wire bonnets are embellished with field poppies and trails of trumpet creeper and loops of red ribbon.

For tailor dresses the newest model has very long coat-tails in the back and the front cut short at the waist, large revers and double breasted, with ornamental buttons of large size and a full chemisette of raw material.

A pretty trimming for white and light evening dresses consists of three rows of falling loops of baby ribbon, forming a band nearly nine inches wide, and with this on the waist and sleeves, it is a very effective trimming.

The style shown in plastrons, fichus, separate cuffs to be slipped over a sleeve plain at the wrist, and jabots, were never so varied nor so elegant as now, and they are of a kind which makes it unnecessary to use anything else to give a waist of plain silk or cloth a dressy appearance.

Scotch Plan of Making the Eye Clear.

It was Houdin, the great French magician, who early called attention to the proper method of training children so as to develop in them quickness of perception, and the power of appreciating at a glance the relations of objects in every day life. In training the mind of his son, it was the practice of M. Houdin to accompany him to some business street, and, placing the boy before a shop window, allow him one glance at its contents. The boy upon being turned from the window was asked to describe what he had seen. In the earlier of these object lessons it was a difficult matter to remember more than one article in a well-filled window, but by degrees the power of perception became so acutely developed that it became possible for him to name not only the various goods shown, but to describe their form, quality of the fabric, and minute details as to color, arrangement and general appearance of the object.

At the Allen Glenn's School, Glasgow, Scotland, the principal has arranged an appliance, resembling in principle the experiments of Houdin, which is used to some purpose in encouraging sharp individual effort in observation and comprehension and in verbal or pictorial expression. This appliance consists of a board that is made to revolve. On this board are placed some articles, on one side of which some letters dots and figures are painted. At a signal the board revolves, and the pupils must brace themselves up to grasp the words, note the figures, or count the dots. After graduated preliminary exercises of this kind the pupils are trained to catch a sentence, run up a sum of several digits, or represent on paper the various markings on the board.

If a boy cannot make or procure a revolving board, he can have all the benefit of the trick by the assistance of another boy, who turns slowly in his hands a large wooden ball upon which the letters and figures are drawn. Other objects may be substituted for the ball, and in a short time the boy will be astonished at the result of his practice.

AN INTERRUPTED TALE.

How Some Wives Listen to Their Husbands.

If there is one thing more than another calculated to throw a man into a gnashing-of-the-teeth or tearing-of-the-hair condition, it is to attempt to give the wife of his bosom an account of some ordinary affair, to which she listens after this fashion:

He—Oh, my dear, I must tell you something Jack Burroughs told me to-day while——

She—Where did you see Jack Burroughs?

He—Oh, we went to luncheon together, and——

She—How did you happen to go out to luncheon together?

He—Well, we didn't exactly go out together. I met Jack at the restaurant, and——

She—What restaurant?

He—Calloway's, and Jack——

She—How did you happen to go to Calloway's? I thought you always lunched at Draper's?

He—I nearly always do, but I just happened to drop into Calloway's to-day along with Jack, and——

She—Does he always lunch at Calloway's?

He—I'm sure my dear (a little sharply), that I don't know whether he does or not. It makes no earthly difference if ——

She—Oh, of course not. (Hastily.) I just wondered if he did, that's all. Go on with your story.

He—Well, while we were eating our soup, Jack——

She—What kind of soup?

He—Oxtail. Jack said that——

She—I thought you disliked oxtail soup?

He—Well, I don't care much about it, but——

She—How did you happen to order it if you don't care for it?

He—Because I did. (Severely). But the soup has nothing to do with the story.

She—Oh, of course not. (In a grieved tone.) I never said that it did. I don't see why you should get cross over a simple question. Go on.

He—Well, while we were eating our soup, Lawrence Hildreth and his wife came in and——

She—They did?

He—I have just said so.

She—Well you needn't be so cross about it.

He—They came in and——

She—Is she pretty?

He—Pretty enough. Jack bowed and ——

She—Does he know them?

He—Well, now, do you suppose he would have bowed if he didn't know them? I declare if I——

She—How was she dressed?

He—How should I know? I never looked at her dress. What I was going to tell you was that——

She—Did they sit near you?

He—Yes, at the next table. And while they were ordering, Jack said that they——

She—Couldn't they hear him?

He—Do you suppose (fiercely) that Jack would have no more sense than to let them hear him talking about them? Look here, now——

She—James, if you can't tell a simple little incident without getting into a passion you'd better keep it to yourself. What did Jack say?

He—He said that Mrs. Hildreth's father was opposed to the match, and ——

She—How did he know that?

He—Great Cæsar! There you go again!

She—James, will you please remember that it is your wife to whom you are speaking, sir?

He—No other woman could drive me raving, distracted, crazy, asking silly questions about——

She—James!

He—Every time I tell you anything you begin, and you——

She—James (rising with dignity and saying stiffly), I do not propose listening to any such insulting remarks, and——

He—You never listen to anything. That's the trouble, if——

She—When I ask you a simple question you——

He—I'd say "simple!" You've asked me a million "simple" questions in the last half hour, just because I said that Jack Burroughs said that——

She—I do not wish to know what Mr. Jack Burroughs said, if you cannot tell it respectfully. I shall have my dinner sent to my room, since it is so painful for you to eat with an idiot! (Retires scornfully, while he narrowly escapes an attack of apoplexy.)

Botanical Freaks.

A whole book and one of large size, too, might be written on the vegetable wonders of the world. Even the Malayan savages know that it is possible for a plant or a flower to be a real oddity, for botanists tell us that they have an extraordinary flower which is known to them by a name which signifies "Wonder-Wonder." It is a flower and a flower only, having neither leaves, stem nor roots. It is a globular parasite, about three feet across, and bursts into a dream of loveliness from the surface of decaying logs and stumps. The "wonder-wonder" is exceeded in size by only one other species of known flower, the Victoria regina of Ceylon, which is five feet across.

India, the home of serpents, has what is known as the "vegetable boa constrictor," a species of climber which twines about great trees so tightly as to strangle them to death.

"The butcher plant," one of the carnivorous vegetables, is found only in the near vicinity of Wilmington, N. C. —[St. Louis Republic.

There is a firm of London opticians who make a specialty of supplying spectacles for horses.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

ACCORDING to the census bulletin on cotton the largest cotton producing county east of the Mississippi river is Washington, Miss. Its production in 1890 was 87,022 bales. Bolivar county, Miss., comes next, with 72,902 bales.

THE total amount of money in the United States is $1,665,390,000, or a per capita circulation of $25.62. The total is divided into $687,000,000 in gold, $556,000,000, in silver and $422,390,000 in uncovered notes. The per capita division is $10.57 in gold, $8.55 in silver and $6.50 in paper.

AT the recent opening of the American Institute of Homeopathy at Washington, D. C., the President boasted that of the 31,194 patients treated during the year in the 79 hospitals of the United States controlled by that school of medicine, 21,134 recovered. The death rate was but 3.31 per cent, which he maintains was a wonderful showing.

THE Georgia fruit crop is a big thing this year, and everybody is interested in knowing what the growers will make out of it. In the peach and grape crops alone, conservative estimates reported by the Fort Valley (Ga.) Leader, show that about 500 carloads of peaches and 100 carloads of grapes will leave the State for foreign markets during the present season. The estimated receipts for the peach and grape crops combined are $750,000. Reports show that the peaches are well formed, of good size, and perfectly sound, and this, together with the decrease in yield from last year, makes good prices and ready sales an assured fact. Other important fruit crops will largely swell the total sales.

WHITELAW REID is the third newspaper man nominated by the Republican Party for the Vice Presidency. The first was Schuyler Colfax, who was first a reporter on an Indianapolis sheet, and then for many years the owner and editor of the leading Republican paper at South Bend, Ind. While in Congress he was the Washington correspondent of his paper up to the time of his nomination for the Vice Presidency, in 1868, and after his term expired, in 1873, he was offered the editorial chair now filled by Whitelaw Reid. Henry Wilson had been for several years editor of the Boston Republican, before his election to the place, and was always a frequent contributor of political articles to the Republican press.

AFTER much exhaustive and conscientious figuring a scientific man has discovered that the influence of waves and storms upon the earth is so destructive and remorseless that in about six million years the entire surface of the earth will be covered with water. If he thinks this sort of yarn is going to scare anyone he is very much mistaken. Long before that time there will have been so many improvements in the construction of yachts and houseboats that everyone would rather live afloat than ashore. Still better, the fishing season will then last all the year round, and there will be so many men in the business that the highly picturesque industry of manufacturing "fish-stories" will be driven by ruinous competition to a place among the lost arts.

THE Century says that "among the most important acts of Congress touching the welfare of the farmer are those which provide for the establishment of institutions of learning which are to give special attention to agriculture and the sciences related to it; for the maintenance of agricultural experiment stations which are devoted to the scientific investigation of agricultural problems; and for the elevation of the United States Department of Agriculture to a cabinet department. These three educational agencies, the colleges, the stations, and the Department, are the most important ones now at work for the betterment of agricultural matters, for nothing can benefit the farmer so much as a knowledge of the best methods of farming for the region in which he may live."

AN American from Boston has reached Paris on a voyage around the world "personally conducted" by himself under entirely novel circumstances. His avowed object is to complete the whole trip without the expenditure of any money whatever, and, according to his own statement, he has already crossed the ocean and visited England and Germany in accordance with the conditions of his self-imposed task, which also contains the stipulation that he must do no work on the voyage. Needless to say that our traveller's rather unusual methods do not meet with the approval of all the hotelkeepers whom he honors with his custom, and in Berlin he underwent one month's imprisonment for failing to pay his bill. The only wonder is that this unusual kind of traveller does not spend most of his time in jail, but, needless to say, he is gifted with an unlimited supply of what may be best described as "self-confidence," and is a past-master in the peculiarly American art of "bluffing." As he himself puts it, "If I can only make a man laugh I've got him!" and certainly there is a sublime assurance about his system which must force a smile even from his victims. Our circumnavigator has, of course, not set himself any particular route for his voyage, as he is dependent on "free passes," and has to be content with what he can get in that direction.

SOME prospectors who have just returned to San Francisco from an expedition in search of a "lost mine" supposed to be situated in the heart of the Colorado desert (which, of course, they did not find) came across some interesting relics of a bygone age. One of these was an old fort some distance north of Indian Wells, which is near the border line of Mexico. From the pottery picked up in the ruins it was evidently of Aztec origin. Near Sackett's Wells the explorers found the ribs and prow of an old boat half buried in the sand. How it came there is a mystery, since no stream of water flows within hundreds of miles of the spot. In the neighborhood of Cabasos Mountain a shallow cave containing the skeletons of ten Indians was discovered. The Lagunas, a local tribe, have a superstitious dread of this opening, because the Indians whose bones are there deposited were all killed by a stroke of lightning. While the prospectors were searching the desert north of Mountain Springs in the end of February they experienced in one day no less than 200 shocks of earthquake. At another time, while they were resting under a mesquite tree, the ground cracked open almost under them, so that they were able to see down twenty feet into the earth. The same shock that caused this crevice destroyed the hot springs at Jacomba, which had been flowing for a great many years.

OLLA PODRIDA.

A bundle of spiderwebs, not larger than a buckshot, and weighing less than one-half a drachm, would, if untangled, make a line long enough to reach from Philadelphia to Boston and back again.

The microscope exhibits 4,000 muscles in a common caterpillar; a thousand mirrors in the eye of a drone bee, besides proving that the large eye of a dragon fly is really a collection of 28,000 polished lenses.

Ask the average man what he thinks about the funnels, or smokestacks, of the large Atlantic steamships and he will most probably say somewhere between four and eight feet, the latter figure being put at the outside limit. And he will be about ten feet wide of the mark on every guess, for steamship funnels are the most deceptive things afloat. The funnels of the Etruria, which may be taken as a fair standard of the big liners, measure over eighteen feet in diameter. One of the leading engineering journals in the country is responsible for the measurement.

SANITARY PLUMBING.—Says The Philadelphia Ledger: "One of the finest object lessons in sanitary plumbing in the United States is the new Institute of Hygiene at the University of Pennsylvania. Throughout the building the pipes have been left outside the walls, and each painted a distinctive color. Thus a maroon pipe, wherever found, is a steam pipe, red always denotes hot water, blue stands for cold water, white means gas and yellow shows drainage. This makes it possible to trace each system in all its branches and test it at will, from the cellar to the roof. About everything in the way of drainage devices now known is in the building, and everything put on the market will be given a fair trial."

SMALL FEET.—"Contrary to popular opinion," says a Western shoe dealer, "the female descendants of the Puritans have smaller feet than those of the Cavaliers. We manufacture ladies' shoes almost exclusively. We sell most small shoes in the Northeast, most large ones in the Southwest, in Arkansas, New Mexico and Texas. The Carolinas, Alabama, Mississippi, Kansas and Nebraska also order a good many large sizes. Ohio, Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Missouri buy medium sizes. The retail trade of large cities requires more small sizes in proportion than does that of the smaller cities and villages. Still there is a great difference in cities. Boston is pre-eminently the city of small-footed women. Next in the order named come Hartford, St. Louis, Louisville, New Orleans, New York and Denver, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, Pittsburg and Salt Lake City may be classed as big-footed.

PRESERVED MEATS.—One of the most important and extensive methods of meat preservation is by the exclusion of air, which finds its modern and most remarkable illustration in the great growth of the canning industry during recent years. Up to the time of our Civil War this industry, although known and practised to some extent, was of so small proportions as hardly to merit recognition. Indeed, its full development may be said to have occurred during the past fifteen years. The American people have taken up and enlarged the Australian idea. England has for a considerable time imported from Australian colonies large quantities of canned beef, before the enterprise of some Chicago houses reached out to grasp the full possibility for the industry. The Australian method consisted of packing the meat in the cans while cold, afterward exposing to a boiling heat; but a much better result was found to come from putting the meat into cans while hot, and that is the method now employed in this country. Only the best grades of beef are used for canning. The bones, sinews and other objectionable parts are removed, the meat is cut into small pieces and passed into large wooden vats where it is exposed to steam heat until sufficiently cooked, the strong tin cans of two, four, six and fourteen pounds capacity are then filled and immediately hermetically sealed. Thus prepared the meat will keep indefinitely, and may be used in almost any manner. The canning of corned beef and beef tongues is also carried on to a less extent. Some idea of the business thus transacted may be gathered from the fact that as long ago 1880 over 100,000,000 pounds of fresh beef were canned annually in this country, since which time the industry has developed very largely. To say nothing of the amount consumed by our own people, the export of canned beef for 1885 reached the large valuation of about four and one-fourth million dollars.—[Good Housekeeping.

HOW IT FEELS TO FALL.—The experiences of many persons who have undergone all the sensations of death by fall have been collected by Prof. Heim, of Berlin, who finds that the feelings are by no means such as the witnesses of the accidents imagine. The victim retains his knowledge of what is going on, suffers no pain or paralyzing terror, but has his mental faculties aroused to marvelous activity. In a few brief moments his past life passes before him. The thoughts, the purposes, the deeds, of years—long forgotten, many of them—are compressed into the seconds of his rush through the air to the earth. Then a gentle ringing fills his ears. He hears his body strike, but does not feel it, and the rapid visions of the seemingly long time of his fall fade away into unconsciousness. The testimony of all, even of those who have retained consciousness, is that no pain is felt. In a fall in the Alps, at the end of which he was still perfectly conscious, Mr. Whymper bounded from rock to rock with absolutely no pain; and those who have had limbs broken by falls, or on the battle-field, have been unable to tell the limbs affected until after trying to use them.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

Clean piano keys with a soft rag dipped in alcohol.

Take egg stains from silver by rubbing with a wet rag which has been dipped in common table salt.

Never use a metal spoon for stirring stewed fruit or tomatoes. A wooden one is the best, and those with short handles are preferable for stirring thick messes.

HOW TO FIGHT MOTHS.—A great mistake which the housekeeper makes is to await the heat of the summer before watching for moths, says the Upholsterer. It is the worm that she should have been on the lookout for, which hatches out of the egg, and as the egg is hardly perceptible to the naked eye—a mere white speck like the point of a pin—the danger is passed over unseen. It is now a clearly defined fact that there are three distinct species of wool-destroying moths common in this country. The commonest species are light brown in color. They begin to appear late in April, and may occasionally be seen flitting about as late as August. They pair off, and the female then searches for suitable places for the deposition of her eggs, working her way into dark corners, crevices of the walls, cracks in the floor or deep in the folds of garments, apparently choosing by instinct the least conspicuous places. The moth lays from 18 to 140 eggs at a time. From these eggs hatch, in a period of from three to seven days, the white, soft body larvæ of worms, all of which begin to make a case for themselves from the fragments of the cloth upon which they feed. The case is in the shape of a hollow roll. The worm reaches its full growth in 36 days, and then crawling into some yet more protected spot, remains torpid during the winter within its case, which by this time is thickened and fastened at each and is the full size cocoon. It is the 36 days period, from the time that the eggs are laid to the time that the worm or grub reaches full size, that the damage is done. After a thorough airing of a woolen fabric for the purpose of driving out any concealed moth—for a moth abhors light—and after time has been given to the development of any concealed egg, you may be reasonably sure that there is nothing harmful on the fabric; then it is as safe done up in a paper parcel as it would be if saturated and buried beneath all the anti-moth remedies in existence.

Antidotes for Snake Venom.

Snake-bites are always dangerous and should be attended to as soon as possible, as the venom spreads very rapidly, particularly in warm weather. The following recipe is perfectable reliable and, being simple, is easily obtained. Take an onion and cut it crosswise and hold one-half of it on the wound until it turns green. Apply persistently and the onion will finally draw out all the poison. Many old woodsmen will not be without several onions this time of year when in the woods. The old white-haired darky that first gave me this recipe has spent the best portion of his life in the swamps, where the rattlesnake, copperhead and other deadly reptiles abound, and he assured me he has never known it to fail. A strong ligature should be tied tightly above and below the bite to prevent the poison spreading through the system. Copious draughts of brandy should be given freely. A little ammonia taken internally is very good also. The above simple remedy is equally as good for beast as for man.—[Richmond Times.

A King Killed by Fright.

One of the most remarkable instances in history of death by fright is that of King Frederick I. of Prussia. He was actually scared to death by his wife. He was one day sleeping in an arm-chair when his Queen, Louisa of Mecklenberg, who had been hopelessly insane for some time, escaped from her keepers and made her way to his private apartments. As mentioned above, Frederick was dozing when his wife, dressed in a pure white gown, dashed through the plate glass in the door and threw herself in a raging delirium upon him. In breaking the glass she of course cut herself most horribly. The King had not been apprised of the hopelessness of her case, and was astonished beyond measure at the appearance of the woman, clad only in linen and covered with blood. His shrieks aroused the whole palace, but when she had been secured the King himself was found to be in a raging delirium. From this he never recovered, but died trying to hide from terrible phantoms.—[St. Louis Republic.

Curiosities About Amber.

It is a curious fact that clear yellow amber exhibits no peculiarities of texture when examined by the most perfect microscope. On the other hand, if opaque or white amber be cut into thin slices and examined by a microscope of from 200 to 500 diameters, round and oblong cavities of varying sizes may be observed in the interior. The cavities in milk-white amber are smallest; in the clear yellow there are absolutely none, while in the opaque yellow varieties they have the appearance of a collection of miniature soap bubbles. Water appears to be contained in these minute cavities, for if fresh amber be exposed to intense heat for some minutes it very sensibly diminishes in weight. From this it would appear that this peculiar fossilized resin will admit of water diffusing through its substance. Another oddity in this connection (taking the above into consideration) is the fact that the insects found in it are always perfectly dry.—[St. Louis Republic.

A Bone Collector.

While the Chinese seem very anxious to live in America they do not like to die here and have a horror of being buried away from the resting-places of their ancestors. Moy Hoe, a Chinaman of San Francisco, has taken advantage of this feeling in his countrymen, and does a large business in collecting the remains of his defunct countrymen and shipping them for burial in their native soil. For this end he visits all the principal cities of the country and has penetrated even to the mining camps where Chinese are employed. He says that he has shipped many hundred bodies to China.—[Picayune.

AN OLD DUELING PISTOL.

It Has Seen 400 Years of Service and Is Still in Good Condition.

Major Moore has among his collection of curios a dueling pistol which was brought to this country from England by one of the earliest settlers of Virginia. The weapon, which is a flint-lock, is fully 400 years old, and is still in good condition, and if capped with a bit of flint and loaded could be fired.

The pistol has a brass barrel, which unscrews about an inch from the flash-pan. To load it the barrel is unscrewed, the powder poured in and rammed down. The barrel is then replaced and the bullet, about three times as large as a buckshot, is dropped in. The sight is on the side of the barrel, about midway between the trigger and the muzzle. Instead of sighting over a point on the extreme top of the barrel, as one does when handling a modern revolver, the old pistol was held so that the sight was taken over the knuckles of the person sighting it, says the Washington Post.

The pistol was manufactured by Kitano & Co., London, and was brought to this country by a man named Mason, who was related to Lord Fairfax. It remained in the Mason family until 1679, when it was given to an old fisherman by Miss Mason, a granddaughter of the man who brought it over from old England. The old fisherman gave it away, and it finally found its way into the hands of one Detective Raff, who presented it to Major Moore.

The descendants of the original possessor, Mr. Mason, still reside on the farm on which he settled some 300 years ago in King George County, Va. How many affairs of honor this "lingering eternity" of a barbarous custom has figured in is not known by its present owner, its history having become lost in the recent rapid changes of ownership.

STAND back a little and give Ferd Ward another chance. A man should not be killed for a single mistake.



Joseph Ruby.

As Large

As a dollar were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy, sickening and disgusting. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head. I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two weeks the sores commenced to heal up; the scales came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken 2 bottles of **HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA**, he was free from sores." HARRY E. RUBY, Box 356, Columbia, Penn.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, painless, safe and efficient cathartic.

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Rheumatism,

Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflamation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver,

Impaired digestion, gout, bilious-headache. **SWAMP-ROOT** cures kidney difficulties, *La Grippe*, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

Impure Blood,

Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility.

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund to you the price paid.

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have become so famous. They act gently, without griping or nausea.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Heaven's Redeemed Multitude" (Preached in London.)

TEXT: "*After this I beheld, and lo! a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.*"—Revelation vii., 9, 10.

It is impossible to come in contact with anything grand or beautiful in art, nature or religion without being profited and elevated. We go into the art gallery and our soul meets the soul of the painter, and we hear the hum of his forests and the clash of his conflicts and see the cloud blossoming of the sky and the foam blossoming of the ocean, and we come out from the gallery better men than when we went in. We go into the concert of music and are lifted into enchantment; for days after our soul seems to rock with a very tumult of joy, as the sea, after a long stress of weather, rolls and rocks and surges a great while before it comes back to its ordinary calm.

On the same principle it is profitable to think of heaven, and look off upon that landscape of joy and light which St. John depicts—the rivers of glaoness, the trees of life, the thrones of power, the commingling of everlasting love. I wish this morning that I could bring heaven from the list of intangibles and make it seem to you as it really is—the great fact in all history, the depot of all ages, the parlor of God's universe.

This account in my text gives a picture of heaven as it is on a holiday. Now, if a man came to New York for the first time on the day that Kossuth arrived from Hungary, and he saw the arches lifted, and the flowers flung in the streets, and he heard the guns booming, he would have been very foolish to suppose that that was the ordinary appearance of the city. While heaven is always grand and always beautiful, I think my text speaks of a gala day in heaven.

It is a time of great celebration—perhaps of the birth or the resurrection of Jesus, perhaps of the downfall of some despotism, perhaps because of the rushing in of the millennium. I know not what, but it does seem to me in reading this passage as if it were a holiday in heaven: "After this I beheld, and lo! a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

I shall speak to you of the glorified in heaven—their number, their antecedents, their dress, their symbols and their song. But how shall I begin by telling you of the numbers of those in heaven? I have seen a curious estimate by an ingenious man who calculates how long the world was going to last, and how many people there are in each generation, and then sums up the whole matter, and says he thinks there will be twenty-seven trillions of souls in glory. I have no faith in his estimate. I simply take the plain announcement of the text—it is "a great multitude, which no man can number."

One of the most impressive things I have looked upon is an army. Standing upon a hillside you see forty thousand or fifty thousand men pass along. You can hardly imagine the impression if you have not actually felt it. But you may take all the armies that the earth has ever seen—the legions of Sennacherib and Cyrus and Cæsar, Xerxes and Alexander and Napoleon, and all or modern forces and put them in one great array, and then on some swift steed you may ride along the line and review the troops; and that accumulated host from all ages seems like a half formed regiment compared with the great array of the redeemed.

I stood one day at Williamsport, and saw on the opposite side of the Potomac the forces coming down, regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade. It seemed as though there was no end to the procession. But now let me take the field glass of St. John and look off upon the hosts of heaven—thousands upon thousands, ten thousand times ten thousand, one hundred and forty and four thousand, and thousands of thousands, until I put down the field glass and say, "I cannot estimate it—a great multitude that no man can number."

You may tax your imagination and torture your ingenuity and break down your powers of cuculation in attempting to express the multitudes of the released from earth and the enraptured of heaven, and talk of hundreds of hundreds of hundreds, of thousands of thousands of thousands, of millions of millions of millions, until your head aches and your heart faints, and exhausted and overburdened you exclaim: "I cannot count them—a great multitude that no man can number."

But my subject advances, and tells you of their antecedents, "of all nations and kindreds and tongues." Some of them spoke Scotch, Irish, German, English, Italian, Spanish, Tamil, Choctaw, Burmese. After men have been long in the land you can tell by their accentuation from what nationality they came, and I suppose in the great throng around the throne it will not be difficult to tell from what part of the earth they came.

These reaped Sicilian wheat fields and those picked cotton from the pole. These under blistering skies gathered tamarinds and yams. Those crossed the desert on camels, and those glanced over the snow, drawn by Siberian dogs, and these milked the goats far up on the Swiss crags. These fought the walrus and white bear in regions of everlasting snow, and those heard the song of fiery-winged birds in African thickets. They were white. They were black. They were red. They were copper color. From all lands, from all ages. They were plunged into Austrian dungeons. They passed through Spanish inquisitions. They were confined in London Tower. They fought with beasts in the amphitheater. They were Moravians. They were Waldenses. They were Albigenses. They were Scotch Covenanters. They were Sandwich Islanders.

In this world men prefer different kinds of government. The United States wants a republic. The British Government needs to be a constitutional monarchy. Austria wants absolutism. But when they come up from earth from different nationalities they will prefer one great monarchy—King Jesus ruler over it. And if that monarchy were disbanded and it were submitted to all the hosts of heaven who would rule, then by the unanimous suffrages of all the redeemed Christ would become the president of the whole universe. Magna Chartas, bills of right, houses of burgesses, triumvirates, congresses, parliaments—nothing in the presence of Christ's scepter swaying over all the people who have entered upon the great glory. Oh! can you imagine it? What a strange commingling of tastes, of histories, of nationalities, "of all Nations and kindreds and people and tongues."

My subject advances and tells you of the dress of those in heaven. The object of dress in this world is not only to veil the body but to adorn it. The God who dresses up the spring morning with blue ribbon of sky around the brow and earrings of dew-drops hung from tree branch and mantle of crimson cloud flung over the shoulder and the violetted slippers of the grass for her feet—I know that God does not despise beautiful apparel. Well, what shall we wear in heaven? "I saw a great multitude clothed in white robes." It is white! In this world we had sometimes to have on working apparel. Bright and lustrous garments would be ridiculously out of place sweltering amid forges, or mixing paints, or plastering ceilings, or binding books.

In this world we must have the working day apparel sometimes, and we care not how coarse it is. It is appropriate; but when all the toil of earth is past and there is no more drudgery and no more weariness, we shall stand before the throne robed in white. On earth we sometimes had to wear mourning apparel—black scarf for the arm, black veil for the face, black gloves for the hands, black band for the hat. Abraham mourning for Sarah; Isaac mourning for Rebecca; Rachel mourning for her children; David mourning for Absalom; Mary mourning for Lazarus. Every second of every minute of every hour of every day a heart breaks.

The earth from zone to zone and from pole to pole is cleft with sepulchral rent, and the earth can easily afford to bloom and blossom when it is so rich with moldering life. Graves! graves! graves! But when these bereavements have all passed, and there are no more graves to dig, and no more coffins to make, and no more sorrow to suffer, we shall pull off this mourning and be robed in white. I see a soul going right up from all this scene of sin and trouble into glory. I seem to hear him say:

I journey forth rejoicing
From this dark vale of tears
To heavenly joy and freedom,
From earthly cares and fears.

When Christ my Lord shall gather
All His redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit—
Good-night till then.

I hear my Saviour calling:
The joyful hour has come;
The angel guards are ready
To guide me to our home.

When Christ our Lord shall gather
All His redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit—
Good-night till then.

My subject advances, and tells you of the symbols they carry. If my text had represented the good in heaven as carrying cypress branches, that would have meant sorrow. If my text had represented the good in heaven as carrying nightshade, that would have meant sin. But it is a palm branch they carry, and that is victory. When the people came home from war in olden times the conqueror rode at the head of his troops, and there were triumphal arches, and people would come out with branches of the palm tree and wave them all along the host. What a significant type this of the greeting and of the joy of the redeemed in heaven! On earth they were condemned, and were put out of polite circles. They had infamous hands strike them on both cheeks. Infernal spite spat in their faces. Their back ached with sorrow.

Their brow reeked with unalleviated toil. How weary they were! Sometimes they broke the heart of the midnight in the midst of all their anguish, crying out, "O God!" But hark now to the shout of the delivered captives, as they lift their arms from the shackles and they cry out, "Free! free!" They look back upon all the trials through which they have passed, the battles they have fought, the burdens they carried, the misrepresentations they suffered, and because they are delivered from all these they stand before God waving their palms. They come to the feet of Christ, and they look up into His face, and they remember His sorrows, and they remember His pain, and they remember His groans, and they say: "Why, I was saved by that Christ. He pardoned my sins, He soothed my sorrows," and standing there they shall be exultant, waving their palms.

That hand once held the implement of toil or wielded the sword of war but now it plucks down branches from the tree of life as they stand before the throne waving their palms. Once he was a pilgrim on earth; he crunched the hard crusts—he walked the weary way, but it is all gone now; the sin gone, the weariness gone, the sickness gone, the sorrow gone. As Christ stands up before the great array of the saved and recounts His victories it will be like the rocking and tossing of a forest in a tempest, as all the redeemed rise up, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, waving their palms.

My subject makes another advancement, and speaks of the song they sing.

Dr. Dick, in a very learned work, says that among other things in heaven he thinks they will give a great deal of time to the study of arithmetic and the higher branches of mathematics. I do not believe it. It would upset my idea of heaven if I thought so; I never liked mathematics; and I would rather take the representation of my text, which describes the occupation of heaven as being joyful psalmody. "They cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation unto our God." In this world we have secular songs, nursery songs, boatmen's songs, harvest songs, sentimental songs; but in heaven we will have taste for only one song, and that will be the song of salvation from an eternal death to an eternal heaven through the blood of the Lamb that was slain.

In this world we have plaintive songs—songs tremulous with sorrow, songs dirgeful for the dead; but in heaven there will be no sighing of winds, no wailing of anguish, no weeping symphony. The tamest song will be hallelujah—the dullest tune a triumphal march. Joy among the cherubim! Joy among the seraphim! Joy among the ransomed! Joy forever!

On earth the music in churches is often poor, because there is no interest in it or because there is no harmony. Some would not sing, some could not sing, some sang too high, some sang too low, some sang by fits and starts, but in the great audience of the redeemed on high all voices will be accordant, and the man who on earth could not tell a plantation melody from the "Dead March in Saul" will lift an anthem that the Mendelssohns and Beethovens and the Schumanns of earth never imagined, and you may stand through all eternity and listen and there will not be one discord in the great anthem that forever rolls up against the great heart of God. It will not be a solo, it will not be a duet, it will not be a quartet, but an innumerable host before the throne, crying, "Salvation unto our God and unto the Lamb." They crowd all the temples, they bend over the battlements, they fill all the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of heaven with their hosannas.

When people were taken into the Temple of Diana it was such a brilliant room that they were always put on their guard. Some people had lost their sight by just looking on the brilliancy of that room, and so the janitor when he brought a stranger to the door and let him in would always charge him, "Take heed of your eyes."

Oh! when I think of the song that goes up around the throne of God, so jubilant, many voiced, multitudinous, I feel like saying, "Take heed of your ears." It is so loud a song. It is so blessed an anthem. They sing a rock song, saying, "Who is He that sheltered us in the wilderness, and shadowed us in a weary land?" And the chorus comes in, "Christ the shadow of a rock in a weary land."

They sing a star song saying, "Who is He that guided us through the thick night, and when all other lights went out arose in the sky the morning star, pouring light on the soul's darkness?" And the chorus will come in, "Christ, the morning star, shining on the soul's darkness." They will sing a flower song, saying, "Who is He that brightened all our way, and breathed sweetness upon our soul, and bloomed through frost and tempest?" And the chorus will come in, "Christ, the lily of the valley, blooming through frost and tempest." They sing a water song, saying, "Who is He that gleamed to us from the frowning crag, and lightened the darkest ravine of trouble, and brought cooling to the temples and refreshment to the lip, and was a fountain in the midst of the wilderness?" and then the chorus will come in, "Christ, the fountain in the midst of the wilderness."

My friends, will you join that anthem? Shall we make rehearsal this morning? If we cannot sing that song on earth we will not be able to sing it in heaven. Can it be that our good friends in that land will walk all through that great throng of which I speak looking for us and not finding us. Will they come down to the gate and ask if we have passed through, and not find us reported as having come? Will they look through the folios of eternal light and find our names unrecorded? Is all this a representation of a land we shall never see, of a song we shall never sing?

FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A little red face
With soft, wrinkled skin
A little snub nose
And wee puckered chin;
A little bald head,
Two weak, watery eyes,
Two red, toothless gums
That he shows when he cries;
Two thin, little hands
That are clutching the air;
A small, fretful voice
That demands constant care.

That was the way that he looked to me
When I called, her first-born son to see.
But she said with pride: "I hope that he
Looks as pretty to you as he does to me!"
—[New York Advertiser.

BLANCHIE AND THE BIRDS.

It is strange, muses Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell, how much nearer some persons can get to the lower forms of animal life than others. A little girl could pick up almost any kind of insect with her fingers and remove it out of her path without ever being harmed. Another, ten years old, very quiet and gentle in her ways, was a great favorite among the birds around her home, they would perch on her bonnet, and many of them flock about at her call. Last summer, directly after the great fire in the woods around Chesilhurst, N. J., this gentle child found an empty bird's nest on the ground, and placing it in the fork of a small tree, said: "Some poor birdie has lost her nest. Oh! I do hope she will find it again," and the very next day, the Blanchie's surprise, there was an egg in the nest.

She clapped her hands softly with delight, and went to her home for crumbs and a small dish of water; and so carried food every day, until the mother bird became so tame that she could stroke her on the nest. Three little birdies were hatched, and they would allow their friend to take them out and pet them to her heart's content. There were other children in the same family, but the birds made friends with little Blanche alone; because, as her mother explained, "Blanchie is kind and gentle with everything." Even the tiny, bright-eyed lizards would stop in their flight to listen to her soft, cooing words as she talked with them, and threw them food. All of this made me the more fond of the little girl; for I thought that one who could endear herself to bird and beast was well worthy of my love.—[New York Tribune.

"MY WAGON."

Robbie had a cart given to him on his birthday. Though Robbie was only a little boy, not seven years old, the cart was big enough to be of real use. Dick, who was nearly three years younger than Robbie, could sit in it, and then his two brothers could give him such a nice ride! But the best thing was to fill the big cart with the fallen leaves, and take them off to the stable-yard.

"We'll play the leaves are hay, and I'm the farmer," said Will.

"No, I'm the farmer; for it's my wagon," said Robbie. And then, I am sorry to say, the two boys began to quarrel.

"Robbie," called mamma, "when Aunt Mary wanted to give you a wagon, I said I was afraid you and Will would quarrel over it. You might as well take papa's axe and chop up your wagon at once."

"Chop up my beautiful wagon! Why, mamma!"

"Yes, for you are spoiling it quite as badly as if you cut it up. If you get along pleasantly with it, and take turns in being the farmer, you will enjoy yourself; but just as soon as you are cross and selfish, you won't have any fun at all."

Robbie stood sticking the toe of his shoe in the loose dirt. "It's my wagon," he was thinking; but then something whispered, "But you might play it was Will's half the time; mamma knows."

"I'll tell you, mamma, Will can be Mr. Post, and borry my wagon!" And the little boy ran off quite ready to be unselfish.

Mrs. Drake laughed, for Mr. Post was a neighbor who was all the time trying to borrow everything possible. He even tried to borrow a horse-shoe.

So Will was Mr. Post, and he and Robbie and Dick raked and swept the leaves again and again, till every dead leaf was gathered up and put in the stable-yard. Then Mr. Post gravely returned the wagon; and strange to say, it was not hurt at all!

"We've had such fun," said the boys, as they ate their basins of bread and milk.

"It is really more fun to be kind and pleasant, isn't it?" said mamma.

"Yes, it is," said Will; while Robbie asked, "Why don't we think of pleasant plays always, mamma?"

"You must learn, little by little, to be pleasant and kind, just as Carrie learns to knit. If Robbie will only try to make Will and Dick happy, and not think about Robbie, and if Will only tries to make Robbie and Dick happy, you will soon have to think of pleasant plays."

"Dick loves everybody," said the little boy, jumping down to give each one a "big hug."

"Come, let's give Dick a ride in our wagon," said Robbie. And no one heard any more about "my wagon."—[The Observer.

A Human Analysis.

Dr. Lancaster, the famous London physician and surgeon, who analyzed the body of a man in 1875, gives the following result of his unique experiment: The body operated upon weighed 158 pounds exactly. From this mass of flesh, bones, muscles, etc., he obtained 23.1 pounds of carbon, 2.2 pounds of lime, 22.3 ounces of phosphorus, and 1 ounce each of sodium (salt), iron, potassium, magnesium and silicon. Besides the above "solids" he obtained from the same subject 5,595 cubic feet of oxygen and 103,900 cubic feet of hydrogen, this latter weighing 15 pounds four ounces, and 52 cubic feet of nitrogen. All of these elements combined into the following: One hundred and twenty-one pounds of water, 16 pounds of gelatine, 1 1-3 pounds of fat, 8 pounds of fibrin and albumen, 7 pounds of phosphate of lime and 22-3 pounds of other mineral substances.—[St. Louis Republic.

Barn-Yards.

Barn-yards are bad leaks in farm management. Thousands of loads of manure are wasted in them from constant exposure to sun, wind, and rain. And yet the farmers endure them just as though there was no remedy. Manure is needed on most farms more than anything else, and yet nothing is wasted with more readiness.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

A Philadelphia church is making trouble because its pastor's misfit set of false teeth interfere with his enunciation.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters. The Best Tonic, it rebuilds the system, cleans the Blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid tonic for weak and debilitated persons.

So minute are the pores of the skin that a grain of fine sand will cover 300 of them.

Mr. J. Lane, general manager Georgia Southern and Florida Railroad, says: "I was entirely relived of headache by Bradycrotine in fifteen minutes. It is the only thing that relieves me." All druggists, fifty cents.

The leap-year girl might try him delicately with a little pop-corn.

For impure or thin Blood, Weakness, Malaria Neuralgia, Indigestion, and Biliousness, take Brown's Iron Bitters—it gives strength, making old persons feel young—and young persons strong; pleasant to take.

"Bonanza" is a Spanish word, meaning fair or prosperous weather.

NERVOUS, bilious, disorders, sick headache, indigestion, loss of appetite and constipation removed by Beecham's Pills.

Siberia signifies "thirsty."

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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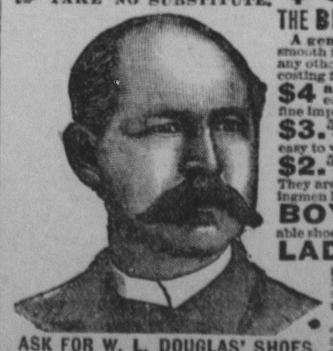
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$4 and $5 Hand-sewed, fine calf shoes. The most stylish, easy and durable shoes ever sold at these prices. They equal fine imported shoes costing from $6 to $12.

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$2.50 Fine Calf, $2.25 and $2 Workingmen's Shoes will give more wear for the money than any other make. They are made for service. The increasing sales show that workingmen have found this out.

BOYS' $2 and Youths' $1.75 School Shoes are worn by the boys everywhere. The most serviceable shoes sold at these prices.

LADIES' $3 Hand-Sewed, $2.50, $2 and $1.75 Shoes for Misses are made of the best Dongola or fine Calf, as desired. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable. The $3 shoe equals custom made shoes costing from $4 to $5. Ladies who wish to economize in their footwear are finding this out.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. JULY 21.

THE RACKET.

"When the June bugs go a dancing,
On the ceiling and the wall,
And in melodies entrancing,
From the fence the pussies call,
While the 'skeeters are a humming,
All the night into your ear,
Don't believe that summer's coming,
For it's then already here."

SPECIAL,

Third Annual Clearance Sale, commencing to-day, July 15. and ends August 13, 1892.

Our regular customers understand what that means—if U don't Kno,

KOM AND C.

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.
Bellefonte, Pa.

PERSONAL.

——Mr. Gross Mingle visited friends in Aaronsburg on Tuesday.

——Mrs. Esther Gordon, of Bellefonte, is visiting B. D. Brisbin's family.

——Mrs. Lucy Moyer, of Bellefonte, spent several days with friends in Centre Hall.

——That jolly landlord of the Spring Mills Hotel, Davy Ruhl, was visible on our streets Wednesday.

——Mr. Will Barr, of Tyrone, is spending his vacation with relatives in this town and vicinity.

——J. B. Spangler, farmer and stock dealer, from across the valley gave our sanctum a call.

——Mr. Harry Jenkins and wife, *nee* Miss Jennie Lukenbach, of Bellefonte, were in town Sunday evening.

——Miss Carrie Noll, of Bellefonte, was the guest of Miss Margaret Goss, on Church street, last week.

——Mr. and Mrs. Yearick, of Aaronsburg, spent several days last week with their daughter, Mrs. W. B. Mingle.

——Mr. Ward Geiss, son of Mr. Daniel Geiss, of Joliet, Illinois, was the guest of his uncle, D. K. Geiss the past week.

——Miss Kate Alexander who for the past three years has been in California, returned to Centre Hall Saturday last.

——Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Huff, of Laurelton, Union county, are visiting Frank Crawford, their son-in-law, on Church street.

——Messrs. Harry Camp and his cousin Walter Russler, of Milroy, had reasons quite sufficient to be in town over Sunday.

——W. F. Smith, one of the sturdy Democrats of Penn, announces himself for the prothonotaryship, in this issue.

——Mrs. James Boal left on Tuesday morning for Tyrone where she will spend a week with her sister, Mrs. Harper.

——Mr. George B. Brandon the genial host of that famous hostelry the Brockerhoff House, Bellefonte, was in town Saturday.

——Mrs. Joseph Lutz with her children, of Williamsport, are in attendance at the sick bed of her mother, Mrs. Wm. Lohr.

——Messrs. Walter and Fred. Berkett, Miss Grace Lukenbaugh and Miss Aurora Moore drove over from Bellefonte on Sunday evening.

——Rev. C. W. Rishell, of Shawmut, Clearfield county, formerly of this place, passed through town on Tuesday. He was accompanied by his wife and son.

——Mr. James Lohr, who holds a clerkship in the Pennsylvania railroad service in Philadelphia, is home on account of the sickness of his mother.

——Mr. Heinbaugh in company with Mrs. Kelley and Mrs. Riden, of Reedsville, spent Sunday with Mr. Reynold's family on Church street.

——Mr. John Shutt, of Tusseyville, was a caller at the REPORTER office on Wednesday and showed his appreciation for the best paper in Centre county by properly adjusting his label for a good while to come.

——Mr. H. L. Harvey, candidate for the office of Associate Judge, was a caller at the REPORTER office last week, while in the vicinity looking up and building fences.

——Mr. James Schofield, of Bellefonte, who aspires to represent old Centre's interests at Harrisburg next session was in town looking up his chances early in the week.

——Mr. Geary Van Pelt, wife and son Harvey left on Tuesday afternoon for Slaterville, New York on their annual trip. Mr Van Pelt never allows a year to pass by without visiting the scenes of his boyhood.

——Miss May Miller, of Johnstown, daughter of J. K. Miller, dec'd., formerly of this place, is visiting her many friends and acquaintances in this section. May was a pretty little girl when the family left, and now we know that Johnstown cannot boast of a handsomer young lady.

Sudden Death.

Mr. Daniel Horner, a lifelong resident of Potter township, died at his home, beyond Tusseyville, on last Monday evening.

Mr. Horner, while engaged in the harvest field that morning, felt an attack of neuralgia in his face, and went to the house for rest. At evening he partook of his supper and then indulged in his accustomed smoke. Soon the neuralgic affection drew to his heart, and in two hours caused his death. Mr. Horner was a stout, hearty looking man, of sixty years, who had evident appearance of many years to live yet, but his case is another warning that in the midst of life we are in death. Mr. Horner was a good neighbor and citizen, and a devoted member of the Evangelical church.

He was a soldier in the late war, belonged to 210 regiment.

Precautions Against Sunstroke.

The state board of health in offering precautions against sunstroke, states that dark close fitting clothing and such as compresses the chest and neck, should be avoided during the heated term. For those obliged to work in the sun, light clothing and a straw or light hat, permitting free circulation of air, are preferable.

On very hot days one should drink frequently but in small quantities. A large mount of ice water, cold beer, soda water and other ice drinks entering the stomach is injurious.

Cold water, into which oat meal has been stirred, is a safe and refreshing drink. Water should not be drunk in considerable quantities at a lower temperature than spring water namely 56°. Immediate death is often caused by ice cold drinks. The immoderate use of alcoholic beverages is also dangerous.

The sleeping room should be ventilated and cool. Constipation of the bowels should be avoided. When overheated work slowly, frequently cooling the head, chest and back with water. Keep a wet cloth or green leaves in the hat on the head, frequently wetting them with water.

He Killed the Other One.

Tom Harter, of the Middleburg *Post*, in his last issue propounds an enigma which he would like explained. The other day while out hunting for woodcock he heard the peculiar locust like sound of the rattle snake and looking around he saw the snake coiled ready to strike and sounding its death alarm. He shot the head off the snake. He then discovered that the snake had not a rattle upon its tail werewith to make the noise heard. The rattles had not been shot off either. It is a rather peculiar and yet doubtful tale, but can easily be explained. Tom shot the wrong snake and failed to hit the other one. No rattlesnake can give that peculiar sound without the machinery on the end of its tail.

Luther Reunion.

The Luther Reunion on the Susquehanna Heights, opposite Northumberland, Pa., will be held this year on September 1st. The president of Central Synod is authorized to extend a pressing invitation to its members to participate in the exercises. Among the speakers, two have been appointed from Central Synod. Arrangements are being made to run a special train from Northumberland to Bellefonte in the evening. Here is a rare opportunity for our Lutheran people to combine pleasure and profit. Let there be a large turn out.

W. E. FISCHER,
President Central Synod.

Bellefonte papers please copy.

Cherry Pudding.

To make the best cherry pudding take one teaspoonful of sugar, one of milk, two of flour, one egg, one and one-halr tablespoonful of baking powder and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Put two teacupfuls of pitted cherries in the dottom of a buttered pudding dish, pour over the mixture and bake. Turn out into a warm platter, fruit side up, and serve with any sauce preferred. Red raspberries, and late peaches, can be substituted for cherries.

No Change In Living.

Rev. W. H. Dill, the president of the defunct Clearfield and Houtzdale banks, has removed with his family from Clearfield to Philadelphia, and in speaking of this removal the Philipsburg *Ledger* remarks that William H. Dill's bank escapade doesn't seem to have interfered with his style of living quite as much as it did with that of some of his creditors. The immense amount of elegant furniture taken to his new home in Philadelphia created many comments.

A County Official in Trouble.

W. A. Mosher, a Lock Haven merchant, came to Williamsport on Sunday in search of his wife, and finding her at a hotel with A. W. Brungard, district attorney of Clinton county, caused the couple's arrest. They both waived a hearing and were released on $500 bail. Brungard and Mrs. Moshen came to Williamsport together and were staying at the hotel.

——Take the REPORTER for the campaign, at 35 cents. Send in the names.

WHERE TO CAMP.

Romantic Mountain Scenery—Rippling Rills—Pure Air.

People desirous to enjoy the pleasures of camping out, have fresh air, eyes to feast on unsurpassed mountain scenery with its beautiful laurel and other flowers, fresh water brooks that go laughingly through mountain gaps, should pack up tents and other needed luggage and put them on board the cars for Centre county. We have all the above requisites to make camp life enjoyable, and many more right here, and you can reach lovely spots in our beautiful valleys and mountains without number, that will afford you more satisfaction and pleasure, with added health, at a triffling cost, than can be had at any of the fashionable, sweltering, expensive seaside resorts.

Three or four weeks put in camping-out furnishes you real enjoyment without the restraint of fashion, style and gew-gaw of the high-toned watering place.

Yourself and little ones can romp and roam at will, pick berries, flowers, bathe in the fresh water streams, lie in the cooling shades of the forest trees, and have it all free of expense.

Any portion of Centre county is easily accessible by rail, and lovely camping spots can be found in scores of places distant from or convenient to the railroads; where you can have the dailies and express packages delivered morning or evening, and where visiting friends can find you, and partake of a treat in camping out.

If you do not wish to set up your own tent and find your own grub, farm houses, in our rich and beautiful vallies can be found that will give you good, wholesome board and clean bed for one-fifth the charge of a seaside resort.

There is a charm in camping-out in the mountain districts that none of your fashionable resorts can have. The one is all nature, the other all artificial and withered imitation of real nature.

Yes, come to our mountain districts for healthful enjoyment and pleasure, all the better if you conclude to do your own housekeeping—tent-out. A month in this way is cheaper than a week at the big resorts. Pure water, from the fountain head, berries fresh off the bushes, flowers crisp and lovely, cultured by nature, birds wild to sing you their native song from the green foliage around you, fish playing in the laughing brooklets, and, an appetite that princess never enjoy—these are some of the good things on the bill of fare to the camping-out families.

Centre county, in her romantic mountain ranges and beautiful dales, dotted with happy farm homes, can fill the bill for the summer months, to all pleasure seekers, amid quiet, and removed from annoyance.

Dog Days.

The season of the year commonly known as the "dog days" is now upon us. It was reckoned by the ancients as the period of greatest heat in summer and so named because in the latitudes of the Mediterranean this period nearly corresponded with that in which the dog star rose at the same time with the sun. To this conjunction all antiquity, and all the later followers of judicial astrology, ascribed a malignant influence. The heliacal rising of the dog star is a very definite phenomenon; its precise dates cannot be determined, and owing to the precession of the equinoxes it does not now occur till about August 10, when the greatest heat of the season is about over. So uncertain is the time that the ancients indiscriminately ascribe the evil influence to Sirius and Procyon (the largest stars respectively of Canis Major and Minor,) though there is several days' difference in their heliacal risings. The modern almanac makers sometimes reckon the dog days from July 24 to August 24, and sometimes from July 3 to August 11.

Centre County at the Fair.

Our county will make a show at the Chicago Columbian Exhibition, in 1893, in various departments. For the agricultural exhibits the editor of the REPORTER has been requested, and consented to gather of our cereals for an exhibit. Of course we will prepare the best our soil produces, from our best farmers, of each kind of grain, in various stages down to the sacked article, to prove that Centre county farms and farmers stand second to none.

Centre county in her agricultural, mineral, and fancy departments, is able to make as good a display at the World's Fair as any county in the state.

Had Two Sun Strokes.

Editor and Postmaster James A. Fiedler, of Bellefonte, accompanied Co. B., N. G. P., to Homestead, was unfortunate enough to receive two sun strokes at Homestead, and was brought to his home at Bellefonte. He fell suddenly from the first stroke received and severely skinned up his face and head. Jim went to the scene of the strike and got struck.

——Mr. Harry Yearick with his wife and two sons, of Philadelphia, visited during the last week Mr. W. B. Mingle's family. Mr. Yearick is engaged in the retail coal business in the city of brotherly love and has made a success of life.

SPRING MILLS.

Installation of Officers of K. G. E. and Other Interesting News.

Dr. D. M. Wolf will open the academy next Monday.

E. F. Smith, a former resident of this town, but now of Decotah, Ill., is at home with his father at present.

Mrs. Dillet had a large basket standing against the stovepipe on the second floor of her house. She hasn't any more. No great damage was done.

A party of tenderfeet, from Bellefonte, stopped with landlord Ruhl for supper on last Sunday. They were a real good looking crowd and got along in this metropolitan city all right only one of the gentler persuasion insisted that C. P. Long's store was the railroad station.

At the recent installation of the officers of Centre Castle, No. 169, K. G. E. the installation was performed by District Grand Chief J. H. Woomer, assisted by Sir Knights, Hartman, Wiser and Tobias from Millheim. The following is a list of the officers for the ensuing term: Noble Chief, D. H. Ruhl; Vice Chief, J. W. Baer; Post Chief, W. L. Baker; Sir Herald, W. P. Alexander; High Priest, G. B. Crawford; Venerable Hermit, R. U. Bitner; Master of Records, J. H. Grenoble; Clerk of Exchequer, J. I. Condo; Keeper of Exchequer, J. R. G. Allison; Ensign, P. D. Phillips; Esquire, Wm. Blasser; Worthy Chamberlin, P. P. Long; Worthy Bard, M. Shires; 1st Guardsman, John F. Taylor; 2nd Guardsman, H. N. Wirt; Representative to Grand Castle, J. I. Condo.

The Grim Reaper.

Again the grim reaper of death has entered the quiet circles of Rebersberg. His stroke took effect in the person of Mrs. Harriet Brumgart, wife of Samuel Brumgart. For several months past the good sister suffered of heart disease and paralysis. Of late her condition apparently improved, but a sudden change took place and on last Wednesday morning, July 6th at fifteen minutes of eleven o'clock, she was called home. She entered the portals of the eternal world with a joyful assurance of divine acceptance. The interment took place on Friday morning at the St. Luke's Lutheran church, Rev. J. M. Rearick officiating. Many friends and relatives were present to witness the last and solemn ceremonies over the departed.

Mrs. Harriet Brumgart was a noble woman, an excellent wife and mother, and a faithful and devoted church member. When well her seat in the St. Luke's Evangelical Lutheran church was never vacant. By her death we suffer a loss that will be greatly felt in the community and in the church. She leaves a son and a husband to mourn her death. Her age was 61 years, 4 months and 10 days,

Harvest.

Harvest is about over in our valley. Some parts of the county being earlier the work was finished some days ago. The grain crop will be a good average one in the county and throughout the state. Most of it is in the barns in good condition, the weather having been favorable.

The hay crop was large and has all been stored away in excellent condition. If the oats, corn, barley and potatoes do not meet with some unforseen damage, there will also be an abundant crop of these. Altogether 1892 will gladden the heart of the hard working farmer with plenty.

Union County Deaths.

Died at his home in East Buffalo township, on Thursday evening, July 7th, Captain Jacob Gundy, aged 84 years, 6 months and 23 days.

In Mifflinburg, on the 14th of July, Catharine S. relict of George Gutelius, dec'd., aged 82 years, 6 months and 27

Stone Crusher Doing Fine Work.

The stone crusher in use by the turnpike company at the foot of the mountain, has succeeded in chawing up a big amount of stone for repairs on the turnpike at that place. It is a vast improvement on the old way of breaking stone.

Punishable by Fine.

There is a law punishing profanity at 62½ cents for each oath. The other day two persons were arrested at New Castle, charged with using profane language. One paid $13.40 and the other $15.70. The law might be enforced in this place with good effect.

$2600 Insurance.

The Grange Insurance Company has adjusted the loss on the Gentzel barn, in Nittany Valley, recently fired by lightning, and pay $2600 insurance on same.

Isn't This a Little Strong.

A Lancaster county farmer owns a pair of horses which are so well broken that they will pull a harrow regularly across a field from morning until night without a driver.—*Exchange.*

Our Life Is In the Balance.

A Chicago man recently saved his life by carryiny a roll of one hundred dollar bills inside his vest when a bullet came that way. Yet there are people who neglect so simple a precaution.

"Out of sight"——busted.

HOME READING FOR FARMERS.

The Pennsylania State College Establishes two New Courses in Agriculture.

At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Pennsylvania State College, held last week, two matters of especial interest and importance to farmers were acted upon.

It was decided to institute a Course of Home Reading in Agriculture essentially on the plan of the Chautauqua Reading Circle. By this means it is designed to bring within easy reach of every farmer in the State the best and latest printed information bearing upon his profession.

The College volunteers to aid in the formation of local reading circles or clubs and to co-operate with farmers' clubs, granges, alliances, and any other farmers' organizations or any individual and outline a course of reading embracing such subjects as soils, soil fertility, fertilizers, crop production, stock breeding, stock feeding, veterinary science, farm drainage fruit and vegetable growing, injurious insects, etc., all treated in a thoroughly practical manner.

It will also seek to help the club or individual to a better understanding of the subjects treated by answering as far as possible by mail all questions pertaining to the subjects in the course.

By an arrangement with the publishers the College is able to procure for the reading circles the books needed at the wholesale price.

The course is open to all, both young and old, without charge except the actual cost of the books and this need not exceed six dollars for one year.

Arrangements were also made for a winter course of twelve weeks in Dairying, both for the home dairymen and creamerymen or cheese factorymen, in which instruction in such subjects as the breeding, feeding, and management of the dairy herd, its diseases and their treatment and dairy chemistry. A large part of each day, however, is spent by the student in the creamery under instruction of an expert butter and cheese maker in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the practical details of the work.

Students are admitted to the Course without examination and free of charge.

The short Course in Agriculture and the regular College course are to be continued as before.

Anyone wishing further information should send to the Professor of Agriculture at State College, Pa., for circulars giving full particulars.

Obituary.

Mrs. Sarah Stover, wife of William Stover, of Aaronsburg, died on Thursday morning at two o'clock, of typhoid fever, after an illness of five weeks. Mrs. Stover was a daughter of Emanuel Ettinger of Aaronsburg, and a sister of Mrs. Harry Foster of Harrisburg, and of Mrs. J. G. Kurtz, of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Stover was a devoted wife and mother, and a consistent member of the Lutheran church, of which she became a member in her early life. She was held in high esteem by all her neighbors and large circle of friends and acquaintances for her kind, genial and Christian bearing at all times. She leaves a husband, two sons and a daughter to mourn her departure. Her funeral on Tuesday last was attended by a large concourse of people. Her age was 65 years, 10 mouths and some days.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

Mr. S. A. Brew Crushed by a Pile of Logs Rolling Upon Him.

Mr. S. A. Brew, of Bellefonte, and well known all over this county, met with a sad accident which cost his life. Mr. Brew was in a lumber operation at Cedar Run, in Lycoming county, where, unfortunately, a pile of logs rolled upon him crushing him to death. This was on Thursday of last week. We knew Mr. Brew well; he was highly esteemed as a citizen of Bellefonte. His age was about 70 years. He leaves a wife and five children.

Odd Fellows at Boalsburg.

Rev. Miles O. Noll, of Bellefonte, on last Sunday evening, preached in the Reformed church at Boalsburg a sermon touching on the work, aims and mission of Odd Fellowship.

He chose for his text: Matt. 22: 37-39. The sermon was unique and of exceptional power, and evidenced not only thorough mastery of ideas but diligent research.

The lodges, besides Boalsburg, represented were Centre Hall, Pine Grove, State College, Bellefonte and Lemont.

Prof. P. S. Meyer was organist for the occasion who was assisted by the choir of the Reformed church.

Married.

At the Reformed parsonage, by Rev. S. H. Eisenberg, on last Sunday evening, Mr. Adam N. Neese and Miss Blanche L. Korman, the former of Spring Mills, Pa., the latter of Georges Valley.

Plasterers at Work.

The plasterers are at work on the new Reformed church at Spring Mills, and expect to get it ready for the carpenters in a couple of weeks.

——It is a positive fact that you can buy the best goods for the least money at the Philadelphia Branch, Bellefonte.

——A guarantee goes with all goods purchased at Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte, and when a purchase is made it can be depended upon as reliable.

——Boom-de-ay. Subscribe for the REPORTER for the campaign.

Card.

The undersigned in justice to himself would like to say that the report circulated by several women in the town to the effect that he received and spent for his individual use money earned by his wife, is a base fabrication and utterly devoid of truth. M. M. CONDO.

GRAIN MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

New wheat	75
Wheat	80
Rye	70
Corn	40
Oats new	27
Barley	40
Buckwheat	45

PRODUCE AT STORES.

Butter	14
Eggs	15
Lard	7
Shoulders	9
Ham	12
Tallow	4
Pot-toes	30
Sides	9

Listen !

Challi Challi, better styles and at lower prices than you could imagine.

Chenile Table Covers at a great bargain.

Ask to see our new Chiffon. New Fans for Commencement. Lace Parasols, Covers for Baby Carriages, Ladies' Muslin and Fine Ginghams, Kid Gloves, Laces, and Ruching.

Have you tried our Bargain Counter? Its a stunner and at greatly reduced rates.

Did you look at our line of Hosiery? 25 cts. buys a Ladies' Fast Black Stainless, the equal of any 35 or 40 ct. stocking in town.

We are sole agents for Bellefonte for the world renowned Columbia Wheel.

Curtain materials and Lace Curtains, a great many beautiful styles.

Garmans.

Boy's good, stout knee pants as low as 25 cents and up to the best.

Boys long pants, good goods, excellent styles, durable and dressy at 75, 85, 95 and up to $2.50.

Men's strong and stout working pants, good colors 75, $1.00, 1.50 and up.

We can show you 50 different styles of the handsomest new patterns in men's all wool dress pants for $2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00 and 5.00.

A bargain with seeking, 10 lots of men's summer suits, all wool, fine goods, reduced from $10.00 and 12.00 to 5.50, 6.60 and 7.50.

The best fitting black cheviot suits, first-class goods, at $5.50, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00 and 12.00.

Boys' and youths' black and brown cheviot suits, at $4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.50, 7.00, 8.00 and 10.00.

We have boys' suits from 4 to 14 years at $1.50, good styles, good colors, neat and serviceable.

Boys' suits 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 4.00 and 5.00.

Fifty different styles of mens' nobby pantaloons all wool, grand styles. $2.00, 2.50, 2.75, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00 and 5.00.

Mens' dress shoes, no shoddy, all solid as leather can make them $1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 2.75, 3.00, 3.50 and 4.00. Boys dress shoes the same grade $1.25 1.50, and 1.75.

Boys stout working shoes or stout dress shoes $1.00, 1.25 per pair.

Ladies' jackets tan and black from $3.00 up to 12.00, and they are simply perfect in the make and fit. Some of our lady customers will not buy a jacket from anybody else as they cannot get such fitting jackets as we have. Blazers with cords $5.00; Reefers with frogs or pearl buttons in tan or brown $5.00, 5.50, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 and 12.00.

Did you ever see miss's stylish jackets at $1.50, 2.00, 2.25, 2.50? We have them.

Dress ginghams, piles and piles of them at 6½, 6¾, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, and 15 cents.

Dress ginghams, beautiful styles, fine as silk 15, 18, 20, 25 and 30 cents.

Outing cloth 8, 9 and 10 cents. A big variety.

The finest grades of Bedford cords, henriettas, cashmeres—those beautiful new shades do for wedding gowns, all wool and the very finest 50, 60, 65, 75 and 90 cents, all shades of tans, grays, stones and drabs.

Curtain scrims, two cherp to leave your windows with the old ones, 7½, 8, 9, 10 and 12½ cents.

Curtain laces 10, 12½, 15, 18, 20 and 25 cents.

Lace curtains by the pair—styles are simply grand—65c, 75, $1, 1.25, 1.50, 2, 2.50, 3.00 and 4.00 the pair.

Just think of getting a pretty stylish summer dress for 60c. Beautiful challies at 6c a yard, and fast colors at that.

Sateens in black and colors, 10c, 12½, 15, 20 and 25 per yard.

Embroidery for dresses, 36-inch wide goods, 40 50, 60, 75 and up to $2 a yard.

Embroidery for young girls dresses, 25c, 35, 40 and 50 per yard.

Sailcoks, India linen, Victoria lawns, from 10c to 50.

You will not get such surah or china silks everywhere at such prices—35, 40, 50, 65 and 75c per yard—all the shades.

Ladies Oxford ties—five shelves full and the counter full—from 50c to $1.50 per pair.

Ladies dress shoes—$1 to 4.50 per pair.

Carpets for 15 and 20c.

Carpets—flowered carpets—20, 25, 30, 35 and 40c.

All wool ingrain carpets—note these prices—50, 55, 60, 65 and 75c.

Tapestry brussels, 48, 50, 60 and so on up to 90c per yard.

Black lace flouncing—we pretty nearly forgot—all silk; 45in wide, lovely patterns, 75c, $1, 1.25 to 1.75 the yard.

LYON & CO.,

Bellefonte, - - : Pa.

Harvest Excursions.—Half Rates.

August 30th and September 27th.

The Burlington Route will sell round trip tickets at half rates, good 20 days, to the cities and farming regions of the West, Northwest, and Southwest. Eastern Ticket Agents will sell through tickets on the same plan. See that they read over the Burlington Route, the best line from Chicago, Peoria, Quincy and St. Louis. For further information write P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

july 21-2m.

NEBRASKA FARM LANDS.

Send your address, and that of your friends to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent C. B. & Q. R. R., for a free pamphlet descriptive of the farm lands of Nebraska.

This state produced in one year three hundred million bushels of corn, besides other grain, fruit and live stock.

july 21-2m

LEGAL NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the second partial account of Eli Wert, Committee of Daniel Musser, a lunatic has been filed in the Prothonotary's office, and that the same will be confirmed unless exceptions thereto be filed on or before Tuesday, August 23, 1892.

L. A. SCHAEFFER,
july 21-4t Prothonotary.